

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 623, Vol. 24.

October 5, 1867.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

AUSTRIA.

THERE is always some country which from time to time attracts the attention of Europe, not because it is strong, but because it is weak, and because the issue of that weakness appears likely to determine the answer to many great questions of statesmanship. At present Austria holds this rather unenviable position. The affairs of Austria are not particularly interesting in themselves; they do not immediately affect the English public; and any honest Englishman who pretends to give an opinion on the position and prospects of Austria must own that he does so with very scanty light to guide him, and that he can really know but little of the actual condition of an Empire made up of a vast variety of races whose language is utterly unknown to him, and with whose wants and aspirations even a fertile fancy fails to sympathise. How is it, then, that Austria engrosses a share of English attention, and occupies a place in English political speculation, which certainly does not grow less? The answer, we believe, lies in the fact that Austria is for the moment the member of the European family which is going through the most imminent peril, and is in the midst of the most interesting phase of transition. If we look back a few years, we find that public attention was in the same way attracted, first by Turkey, and then by Italy. Neither the Turkish nor the Italian question is solved. Each country has great difficulties to encounter, and each may again become the central point of European interest. But the immediate and most prominent difficulties which each in its turn presented were, for the time at least, disposed of. Turkey was threatened with instant annihilation by Russia. England and France intervened, and the result was that the Turkish Empire was left to break up slowly, and perhaps without any great catastrophe or sudden shock. The alternative lay between a rapid and violent dissolution on the one hand, and a gentle and gradual dissolution on the other; and the Crimean war settled that, for at least the space of one generation, the latter should be the fate of Turkey. Italy next presented herself, with her woes and her wrongs and her ambition; and at length, with the aid of France, she succeeded in gaining a new life, and achieving a recognised, if precarious and agitated, existence. Now it is the turn of Austria. She is the chief sufferer in the European body, the most illustrious patient, the centre of the greatest immediate interest. Austria is trying to fulfil a very difficult task, and it naturally becomes interesting to watch whether she can fulfil it. Austria has been a despotism aiming at supremacy over a vast variety of incongruous and alien provinces through the agency of a great army, a skilful bureaucracy, and, it must in fairness be added, of a kind of hazy benevolence. This despotism has been shattered to the base, and Austria is striving to change into a constitutional country with no strong central Government, but merely with a Government founded on the good sense of populations to whom good sense, and constitutions, and moderation, and the pursuit of public aims are entirely new. The mere difficulty of the task is in itself sufficient to lend a deep interest to the endeavour to fulfil it. But in the case of Austria the interest which we feel is more than philosophical. Austria must remodel herself or perish, and the extinction of Austria would necessarily give a totally new shape to the constitution of Europe, alter altogether the balance of power, and, as Englishmen cannot fail to feel, subject England to new and very serious dangers.

A country in the position of Austria must necessarily have a new foreign and a new home policy. It wants to gain time, to secure space and opportunity for domestic changes, and to present a good face to the world while it is really occupying itself with its own affairs. A dignified neutrality is obviously its best course, and a dignified neutrality is obviously the main object of Austria at present; and when a country aims at a dignified neutrality, it finds itself necessarily obliged to pursue neutrality as the

first thing, and dignity as the second. It wishes to win the esteem and consideration of mankind, but, above all things, to be left alone. Austria has lately been trying to gain in dignity. She has been endeavouring to make her influence felt in the settlement of some of the innumerable questions which Turkey and the East are always supplying, and she has gladly accepted the overtures of the Emperor NAPOLEON, and has willingly paraded the excellent terms on which she now stands with France. At the same time she has not sacrificed the substance to the shadow. She has sought dignity a little, but she has sought neutrality very much. She has been studiously courteous to Italy, and has not betrayed any pique or animosity against the upstart Government which, by a strange turn of luck, robbed her of Lombardy and Venetia so easily. She is most careful not to give offence to Prussia, and she has so far succeeded that, while Count BISMARCK was bitter enough in attacking the policy of France, he condescended to pass over the conduct of Austria in utter silence. Austria, which was once the prime champion of the POPE, is now seemingly indifferent to his woes and his wrongs; and she is very wisely so, for she could hardly take any step in the affairs of Rome without offending either France or Italy. And if a dignified neutrality is the chief aim of Austria, it must be confessed that those who guide her fortunes have lately played their game well. Austria has managed to convince Europe that her heart is bent on peace, and yet she has done this without forfeiting the general esteem. But a neutral nation, even if it is neutral in a dignified way, must be judged of by its main characteristics. Austria will keep out of a war if she possibly can; and if this is so, it becomes of very little importance to follow the laborious trifling of diplomacy, and to note this or that sign of the intimacy of Austria with France. The wish of Austria is not for war, nor for a French alliance, nor for supremacy in Germany, but for peace; and the foreign policy of a peaceful nation is not very mysterious or uncertain. If Austria only asks to be left alone provided she is not dishonoured, we cease to take thought of her, and ask only whether her neighbours will grant her the quiet she longs for.

The Diet has this week assembled at Pesth, and the Reichsrath is already sitting at Vienna. The assemblies, therefore, which are to determine whether such a thing as constitutionalism can even begin in Austria have entered on their work. Hitherto the signs of the time have been promising. Austria and Hungary have approached each other in a spirit of mutual forbearance and good feeling, and the Commissioners appointed to arrange the preliminaries of a new union have succeeded in arriving at a definite and well-considered proposal. Exactly the same course has been taken which was taken in this island when the union between Scotland and England was projected, and we may hope that the result may be equally satisfactory, and that what has been agreed on by the Commissioners will be accepted by both nations in Austria as readily as it was in Great Britain. Probably what happened in Great Britain has also happened in Austria, and the pecuniary settlement is unduly favourable to the weaker, the poorer, but the more clamorous and obstreperous nation. If the Hungarians have done as well for themselves as the Scotch did for themselves in the days of Queen ANNE, they need not complain. And it may be observed that, with a truly Scotch pertinacity and shrewdness, the Hungarians have already begun to point out that the very first thing which the whole Austrian Empire needs is a proper system of Hungarian railways. A little of this self-seeking does no great harm in political affairs, for, if the Hungarians have their private interests to serve, they may be moderate and pliable in their political aims, and may even give as little trouble as the Scotch have given since they were happily united to England. In the German provinces there seems to be abundance of that quiet good sense, and that interest in great questions

of practical utility, which shows a people to have the first qualifications for good government. The Reichsrath now is very different from what it has been hitherto; for it is no longer the mere plaything of the Government, silent or eloquent, interested or indifferent, as it was bid. It feels its power, and knows that it does not discuss and decide in vain. And it chiefly occupies itself with matters which really concern it. Perhaps it may, like CROMWELL'S Parliament, be a little too intent on defining its own powers and taking precautions against that reaction which cannot be averted by clauses and words, but which it need not fear if it once convinces the minds of men that it is practically successful and useful. But the main subject of interest in the Reichsrath appears to be the reform of the law, and especially of the criminal law, and of all the laws which define the relations of the Church and the State. To get a good penal code honestly and wisely administered, and to relieve the nation of the incubus of the Concordat, are among the greatest benefits which an Austrian patriot could win for his countrymen. Nothing could be a more satisfactory symptom of the political capacity of the leaders of the Reichsrath than that, while leaving it to the Government to maintain a dignified neutrality, and leaving it to Commissioners to determine the respective proportions in which Hungary and the other provinces are to bear the burden of taxation for general purposes, they can yet manage to occupy the main attention of the body to which they belong with measures of sound practical reform. Of course we all know that Rome was not built in a day, and constitutionalism is not to be built up in Austria without much delay, many disappointments, and many shortcomings. But still the consolatory fact remains, that Austria appears to be on the right road at present, and that, in however imperfect a way, she is tending to the goal which her best friends must wish her to reach.

FENIANISM IN ENGLAND.

THE Fenians in England, as well as in Ireland, have the satisfaction of proving that a secret conspiracy will for the most part succeed in baffling the researches of the police. The same proposition has been repeatedly illustrated in countries where the detective and repressive forces of society are far more elaborately organized than in the United Kingdom; but the Irish ringleaders in Manchester may perhaps claim to have rediscovered the valuable secret of the possible impunity of unanticipated crime. The savage attack on two or three soldiers in plain clothes, perpetrated by some Irish ruffians in the streets of London, exhibited once more the resources and the policy of the Fenian patriots. Even the sour theorists who in the last Session petitioned the House of Commons against the punishment of Irish rebels might almost hesitate to assert that the murderers of Holborn and of Manchester were actuated by laudable motives; but it is difficult to sound the depths of factious bigotry. Mr. BEALES lately assured a meeting in Dublin that his party felt for the misfortunes of the imprisoned Fenians, and he would probably excuse the Manchester proceedings as a vigorous protest against the misgovernment of an oligarchy. With the Fenians themselves it is as useless to argue as with wild beasts, but perhaps they may eventually be convinced that it is dangerous to indulge in their anarchical propensities in the heart of England. An extravagant partiality for Irish competitors is not a common failing among the lower class of Englishmen; nor will street riots and assassinations exercise a favourable influence on public opinion. In the Manchester Town Council the most zealous representatives of advanced opinions have found it expedient to disavow sentiments which they may or may not have formerly uttered in extenuation of the Fenian conspiracy; and as the Parliamentary and municipal franchises are now nearly identical, it may be assumed that the future constituency and its representatives will recognise the necessity of resisting the extreme forms of disorder. Long familiarity with regular government has naturally led the great body of Englishmen to forget the ultimate dependence of authority on force. When a blundering demagogue lately boasted that, but for the weakness of the HOME SECRETARY, he would have caused the streets of London to run with blood, his imaginary crime attracted little remonstrance or attention; but the attack of an armed band of conspirators on an unprepared body of policemen has convinced the inhabitants of Manchester that violence is not redeemed from guilt by being employed for purposes of sedition.

Mr. ERNEST JONES'S protest against the precautions of the police for preventing a rescue of some of the prisoners in the Manchester police-court was an ingenious device for diverting

attention from the main issue. Although Mr. ERNEST JONES is by profession a barrister, it is difficult to separate his character as an advocate from his more ordinary calling of a political agitator. The friends of the prisoners must have engaged his services, not for the benefit of their clients, but in the hope of identifying English Radicalism with Fenian treason. It was not likely that impassioned declamations would satisfy a police magistrate that an assault on constables, attended by murder, was not a legal offence; and, although Mr. ERNEST JONES was perfectly justified in watching with the utmost vigilance the proofs of identity, it is probable that some purely impartial advocate would have been selected to protect the interests of the prisoners if the defence had not been intended to annoy the authorities. As Mr. ERNEST JONES probably felt the absurdity of vindicating anarchy in a police-court, he must have been singularly gratified by the accident which gave him an opportunity of impeaching the administration of justice. The police, having perhaps entertained a prejudice against Fenian practices since one of their number was murdered in the discharge of a simple duty, thought it prudent to handcuff the prisoners together during the investigation of their cases before the magistrate. The proceeding is not customary, as happily Fenian assassinations are still novel in English towns. There may even be some doubt of the propriety of displaying exceptional uneasiness instead of taking ample precautions against rescue by the assemblage of an irresistible force. It was natural that Mr. ERNEST JONES should object to the unusual severity practised against his clients, and the magistrate immediately attended to his complaint that some of the prisoners were suffering, or might be supposed to suffer, pain from the pressure of the handcuffs. The grievance could have no possible bearing on the preliminary decision of the magistrate, or on the ultimate fate of the prisoners; but all grievances, large and small, ought as soon as possible to be redressed. Constables almost always handcuff prisoners when they first arrest them, and the tyrannical process is repeated when they are removed from the bar; but, according to Mr. ERNEST JONES, accused persons in England have, like Roman citizens, the constitutional right of appearing in Court without the physical restraint of manacles.

There is a tradition that Lord ELLENBOROUGH directed the removal of handcuffs which had been placed on a prisoner at his trial, and even a pedantic observance of rules established in favour of accused persons ought not to be discouraged. The case, however, of the American pirates quoted by Mr. FOWLER shows that the superior Courts recognise no legal prohibition against the use of handcuffs. The precedents of police-courts are not authoritative, and magistrates must exercise their discretion according to circumstances. There is an obvious distinction between the investigation before one or two justices of the peace, and the trial by a jury which might possibly be biased by the association between manacles and guilt. In Mr. ERNEST JONES'S mind the connexion may probably have been already obvious, for his ostentatious indignation seems to have been aroused rather by the indignity offered to a political adversary of the Government than by hardships inflicted on an unoffending person. Unless he has forgotten, as an itinerant patriot, the simplest rules of his profession, the histrionic return of his brief may be accepted as an admission that nothing could be said on behalf of his clients. If it was unjust to handcuff an innocent man, it would be a scandalous iniquity to refuse him the opportunity of proving his innocence; and an advocate, even if he were an agitator, could not fail to see that the force of his reclamation would be doubled if he could show that unusual harshness had been practised against an unoffending victim of error. There is no country in the world, except England and America, where an inflammatory harangue could be delivered in a police-court under pretence of defending a prisoner. Two or three years ago a New York lawyer delivered, on behalf of a German who had committed a brutal murder in a railway train near London, an indignant disquisition on the misdeeds of the English Government and nation. The American magistrate sensibly treated the oration as a joke, and discharged his duty by signing the certificate for extradition. Mr. ERNEST JONES'S eloquence was equally irrelevant, and it was much less excusable. The audience was probably composed to some extent of accomplices in the recent outrage; and empty declamations against the local administration of justice might have been answered by a rush into the dock, or by the discharge of a revolver at the bench. If professional Reformers are morally responsible, Mr. ERNEST JONES ought to feel serious compunction for the possible consequences of

his appeal to the passions of a brutalized rabble. It is not worth while to discuss the more pertinacious misbehaviour of Mr. ROBERTS, who cannot have thought that insults to the Bench were likely to benefit his clients.

It is instructive and amusing to observe the reliance of the preachers of sedition on the mildness and equity of the laws which it is the business of their lives to discredit. Even if there had been any irregularity in the precautions of the Manchester police, the impropriety would have amounted to a breach, not of the doctrines of justice or humanity, but of a positive rule of English jurisprudence; yet Mr. ERNEST JONES's address to the mob was intended to excite the fury of savage Irishmen who are the professed enemies of the English Constitution. In his zeal for the triumph of wrong, the impassioned orator forgot to confine himself to his only plausible grievance. Instead of dwelling exclusively on the cruelty and indignity of handcuffing a prisoner, he also protested against the presence of soldiers who were employed for the purpose of preventing a rescue. It may be inferred, therefore, that a prisoner has a right, not only to considerate treatment while he is in custody, but to a reasonable chance of escape; for a whole regiment in Court, unless it is suggested that armed force was likely to intimidate the magistrate, would in no degree increase the probability that the prisoner would be committed for trial except on sufficient evidence. Mr. ERNEST JONES could scarcely pretend that his own nerves were disturbed by the sight of the obnoxious guardians of public order; and if he had thought fit to discharge his duty to his clients, instead of endeavouring to provoke a tumult, the prisoners, not having the conduct of their own cases, could not have been injuriously affected by the possible derangement of their nervous system caused by visible guarantees for the repression of riotous outbreaks. It is for the extreme democratic faction to consider whether its interests are promoted by systematic hostility to good government and public justice. One journal in London alone has affected to applaud Mr. ERNEST JONES's vindication of the alleged right of prisoners to exemption, not only from personal restraint, but from the vigilance of policemen and soldiers. The clemency or laxity which is the result of long-continued order will be necessarily modified if the practice of private war is suddenly forced upon a peaceable society. Mr. ERNEST JONES will not convince any person in his senses that measures for securing the custody of offenders ought not to be as stringent as may be necessary to guard against all possible risks; yet it is but fair to admit that his arguments were intended exclusively for the encouragement of a disaffected and criminal class.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

IT is time for the French Government seriously to reconsider its recent Italian policy. The King of ITALY is justified by common sense in his belief that it will be impossible to continue indefinitely the present arrangements between himself and the EMPEROR. That the September Convention could ever hope to be a permanent solution of the Papal question was not even pretended during the course of the negotiations which led to it. At the time of the conclusion of the treaty, both contracting Powers had the strongest reasons for desiring that the French occupation of Rome should cease. The chief difficulty was to devise some colourable plan by which France might withdraw her flag with dignity, and without the semblance of abandoning the POPE in his despair. Besides this primary anxiety for appearances, the French EMPEROR had other feelings on the subject of Rome of which he has never divested himself. He was not prepared, personally or politically, to break with the great system of Catholic Christianity which has long since had for its nucleus the POPE's autonomy at Rome. A man of the penetration of the French EMPEROR cannot fail to have remarked, what everybody else sees, that the religious faith of all Europe is about to undergo a vast change; but, looking at the prospect as an EMPEROR and a family man, he did not intend or care to throw his weight into the anti-Catholic scale. He then hoped, and possibly still hopes, that a happy accident might yet reconcile the Church to Italy, and that Time might come to the rescue and make some scheme seem possible for leaving the POPE in Rome. It is easy to assert, because difficult to disprove, that he had also other ambiguous motives which led him to wish to put off the evil day when Rome should belong to Italy. The object, at all events, of the French Government in the September Convention was to delay, not to solve, the Roman question. The one thing to be secured

was the temporary relief; the future fate of the Papacy, and the future conduct of the respective Governments, remained uncertain and in blank. To remove the French troops from Rome, without fear of any Italian annexation to follow, was the main ambition of the diplomatists engaged; and *permitte Divis cetera* was the text tacitly adopted for their motto. That the September Convention was designed to adjourn, not to settle, the difficulty is conclusively proved by one clear and indisputable fact. The certain contingency of an internal insurrection at Rome was deliberately left unprovided for. The two Governments did not, and knew they could not, agree about it, and, sooner than interrupt their immediate combinations, they agreed not to discuss it at all. Thus it became obvious that the September Convention provided for the necessities of the day, but did not profess to make any permanent provision for the morrow.

The Florence Cabinet is not therefore receding from its engagements in pointing out to France that it is not possible, without danger of real disturbances in Italy, to leave matters any longer in their perilous condition of uncertainty. The arrest of General GARIBALDI was a bold act of international good faith. The sense of the Italian nation has on the whole accepted, on the ground of sheer necessity, a proceeding the legality of which appears to be doubtful; and an Italian Chamber composed of even more immaculate elements than the present would not perhaps hesitate to indemnify the RATTAZZI Ministry against the consequences of their courage. But if the Italian Chamber meets for this patriotic purpose, the first question it will ask the Government will be, How long is this to go on? The country has been on the very brink of a precipice. Sufficient popular agitation has ensued to show that, in arresting the favourite champion of the Italian revolution, the Italian monarchy has braved, even if it has weathered, a very considerable storm. It is absurd to expect that the Italians can run these formidable risks every other year merely to suit the policy of the French Empire. It may be said, and it is doubtless often said in Conservative circles, that Rome is not to be handed over to Italy simply because the King of ITALY cannot govern his unruly subjects without it. Of course these things are a question of degree. The Fenians want Ireland, the Poles want Poland, the Danes want Schleswig-Holstein, and France wants the frontier of the Rhine. It is not so much because Italy wants Rome that she deserves to obtain it, as because the want is acknowledged by the public opinion of Europe to be reasonable. When this is so, the Italians cannot but feel themselves injured by finding that, in return for the benefits she has done them, France requires them to sacrifice their national hopes. The revolutionary party will not consent to do it. And the effort to check her advanced patriots costs Italy so much, keeps her in such perpetual anxiety and suspense, and is so damaging to the popularity of the monarchy, that the national patience is becoming exhausted. The French must make up their mind what they will do. They must choose between the friendship and the covert enmity of a Power which is now strong enough to be a useful ally, and which is determined not to bestow its favours for nothing.

NAPOLEON III. is in no easy position. The Austrian and the Italian alliances are both necessary for his purposes. And he has every reason to dread the success of the Italian democratic party. General GARIBALDI represents in Italy the anti-French school. The men with whom GARIBALDI acts, and by whom he is guided, regard LOUIS NAPOLEON as a sort of incarnate enemy of freedom. They cannot forgive him either his usurpations at home or his military expeditions abroad. The EMPEROR is aware of, and fully reciprocates, this antipathy. Giving Rome to Italy is, in his eyes, helping the Italian revolutionists one stage upon their journey. Possibly he is right in thinking that this will be in the end the effect of such a step. But the Roman question has now reached a point at which further opposition on the part of France becomes injurious both to French interests and to the cause of monarchical institutions in the peninsula. Something must be done; and the only doubt is whether NAPOLEON III. is capable of surrendering his crotchets about Italy, and loyally endeavouring to establish Italian order on a firm basis.

The abortive raid of General GARIBALDI will therefore do some service to the cause which he prefers both to life and to reputation. It is useless to talk of settling the Papal question by a European Congress. If Italy is well advised, she will never consent to so suicidal a proposal. The whole key to the future tranquillity of her provinces lies with the Imperial Government at Paris. Do what it may, the French Empire cannot make the temporal power last beyond the EMPEROR's

lifetime. By threats of intervention NAPOLEON III. may screw up the Florence Cabinet to stay action against individual adventurers. But the passion for Rome has possessed the people too completely to be eradicated now; and in the long run the popular adventurers who profess to be its exponents will be too strong for the more moderate Liberals. France, if she is wise, will endeavour to arrange the matter while she can still arrange it on her own terms. The time is fast approaching when she will be unable to dictate terms at all to Italy—when VICTOR EMMANUEL must break decisively with France, or with his own subjects.

REFORMERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IT is not very interesting to inquire whether the festival at the Crystal Palace disappointed the hopes of its promoters. All persons of ordinary good nature would wish that a holiday should be enjoyable; and it may be hoped that the fireworks, and the other amusements provided for the occasion, gave pleasure to the spectators. If it were possible to take a part in the squabble between the two political clubs which affect to represent the working-class, the POTTER Association might perhaps be preferred to the BEALES League, as more certainly genuine. The little quarrel between the rival knots of agitators corresponds on a small scale to the feuds between the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, which happily never interrupted their common warfare against life and property and the foundations of society. In the present instance it may have been mortifying to exhibit a spectacle of dissension to a community which sympathizes as little with Trades' Unions as with Hyde Park rioters. If petty vanity and personal jealousy could have been suspended for a time, the occasion for celebrating a great success would have been legitimate and natural. Although it is impossible to determine the share of the working-class agitators in passing the Reform Bill, it is unfortunately not to be denied that the Hyde Park riot, and the mob-meetings and street processions of the autumn and winter, had some influence in overcoming the repugnance of the House of Commons to constitutional change. It is still more certain that, whatever may have been the agency employed, the followers of Mr. POTTER and Mr. BEALES have obtained a great accession of power. While the losers watch anxiously the direction of the leap in the dark, it would be absurd to expect that the new constituency should doubt the expediency of the change. The Reform League, having allowed its competitor to get the start in proposing a festival, has peevishly resolved to consider the Reform Bill a disappointment, if not an insult. On his side, Mr. POTTER has found the lustre of his triumph marred by his inability to obtain captives to follow his chariot wheels. Two members of Parliament alone accepted an invitation which perhaps could not have been declined without risk of their seats. It is creditable to the rest of the body, and especially to the absent metropolitan members, that they should almost unanimously have refused to acknowledge the influence of menaces of physical force over recent legislation. It is also well that the upper and middle classes should on all proper occasions express their antipathy to the conspiracy against freedom of trade and labour which finds its ultimate expression in the atrocities of Sheffield and Manchester. When Trades' Unions, in pursuance of Mr. BRIGHT's advice, apply their organization to political purposes, it is right to protest against the attempt to establish an intolerable tyranny. Mr. POTTER represents a more serious danger to society than the hypothetical bloodshed threatened by Mr. BEALES. The Reform League has made rapid progress towards universal ridicule since it undertook to manage the affairs of Europe as well as the regeneration of England. The Council has within a few weeks sent a congratulatory address to Count BISMARCK and a Delegation to the Peace Congress, and it has passed a vote of censure on the Italian Government for interfering with the practice of private war. Mr. POTTER has done nothing so silly as to allow at his club a foolish boy, bearing a celebrated name, to insult the King of ITALY amid the cheers of professed English Reformers. There is no reason to be afraid of Mr. BEALES's cosmopolitan or roving agitation for the promotion of universal disorder; but the Trades' Unions, aiming at specific objects of injustice, while they have at the same time a lawful and reasonable purpose of their own, may well excite alarm. The managers of the Crystal Palace festival showed good sense in confining the speeches to the question of Reform; and it is remarkable that the theoretical advocates of Unionism, who have apologized for BROADHEAD or have

defended his apologists, were not invited, or were not present at the meeting.

The absence of Mr. GLADSTONE from the Crystal Palace seems to have caused some disappointment, but the sanguine expectations of the Committee that the leader of the Opposition would attend the meeting can only be excused by inexperience. Mr. GLADSTONE has done much, directly and indirectly, for the promotion of Reform, but his share in the institution of household suffrage has been wholly involuntary. The failure of his own measure of 1866, the consequent change of Government, and the secession of a portion of the Liberal party from his guidance in the recent contest, have been among the conditions of a sweeping change; but Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely be expected to exult in a series of defeats. In concert with Mr. BRIGHT, and in perfect consistency with his own previous policy, he endeavoured to substitute a limited ratepaying franchise for Mr. DISRAELI's apparently complicated and illusory proposal; but when the abolition of the practice of compounding disclosed the essential project of simple household suffrage, Mr. GLADSTONE was not responsible for the manœuvre which had turned his position. He has probably by this time discovered that his fierce assaults on Mr. DISRAELI's elaborate securities were altogether misdirected. If he had known that the dual vote and the impediments placed in the way of the compound householder were only intended to amuse the Ministerial party, it would not have been worth while to devote much indignant eloquence to the demolition of temporary fictions. It must be satisfactory to Mr. GLADSTONE to find that the confidence of the new constituency is reposed rather in himself than in the rival who has so lavishly outbid him. Mr. DISRAELI's knowledge of human nature embraces only the class with which he is most familiar, and the tact and command of temper which control the House of Commons are imperceptible to the distant multitude. Mr. GLADSTONE's impulsive sympathy is more intelligible to the mass of the people than Mr. DISRAELI's political calculations, and the mistakes which often alienate his Parliamentary supporters tend rather to attract than to repel popular confidence.

Mr. BRIGHT's explanation of his reason for absenting himself may have suggested to some of the more reflective of his admirers the true reason of the flatness of the celebration. It is more exciting to march through Pall Mall for the purpose of frightening the West-End gentry and tradesmen than to meet in the ample space of the Crystal Palace gardens for the harmless object of celebrating a political victory. Mr. BRIGHT willingly aided in the intimidation of his political opponents, but he may be excused for declining to sacrifice his leisure for the empty exchange of mutual congratulations. His letter of apology is highly characteristic of his antipathy to tranquillity or to conciliation. He is anxious to remind his correspondents that they owe no gratitude to the House of Commons, although it has for once deviated into a policy which he cannot openly condemn. He would probably think that the great constitutional change was an evil, if it produced the effect of suspending agitation. While Mr. POTTER himself is willing to devote one day to the expression of satisfaction, Mr. BRIGHT insists that working-men shall, without a moment's respite, proceed to demand a large redistribution of seats, and the establishment of secret voting. The danger which Mr. BRIGHT apprehends is not that future Parliaments will be too democratic, but that, without the security of the ballot, elections will be carried by bribery. His admirers are not likely to disregard his counsels; but perhaps the Crystal Palace Committee may have thought it hard that they should not be allowed a short interval of pleasure and comparative rest. There is something touching in the indulgence of a natural wish to imitate on the earliest opportunity the festive customs of the classes which have hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of political power. Artisans have as good a right as farmers or tradesmen to share the delights of a public dinner, and to listen to the speeches which necessarily crown the banquet. It was too much to hope that the first orators in England would grace the occasion by their presence; and the dinner was perhaps more characteristic from the mediocrity of the principal speeches. The working-man is entitled to enjoy dulness as fully as those who were once insolently described as his betters.

Mr. AYRTON, who is not uniformly dull, was a paradoxical representative of the Liberal and metropolitan members. Many of his audience may have remembered that, when he last appeared at a Reform meeting of the working-classes, his unpopular expression of opinion almost caused a tumult in St. James's Hall. He even ventured to hint a doubt whether the mob procession of the morning had been neces-

ary or expedient; and it was evident that he was scarcely disposed to follow the lead of Mr. BRIGHT. His appearance at the Crystal Palace will probably secure condonation of his heresies at the next election for the Tower Hamlets; and any proceeding is advantageous which prevents the present Metropolitan members from being ejected to make room for the agitators of the Working Men's Association and the Reform League. Mr. AUBERON HERBERT appropriately represented the new sect of well-informed young men of quality who, with ludicrous gravity, condescend to democratic opinions. Mr. HERBERT's profound convictions are the more interesting because they are as accurately dated as the conversion of a Methodist saint. It was in the course of last summer, twenty-four hours after the commencement of a canvass as Conservative candidate for Newport, that Mr. AUBERON HERBERT suddenly became convinced of the saving truths of Reform. His rapid progress is illustrated by his appearance at Mr. POTTER's celebration; and it may be hoped that his matured wisdom enabled him to gratify and instruct his audience. The happy thought of engaging the services of Sir JOHN BOWRING placed the operatives at once on the level which has long been occupied by the middle-classes. The tediousness which has gratified two or three generations of old-fashioned Liberals has now been made available for the solace of working-men, who may congratulate themselves on having sounded the depths of after-dinner oratory. The new holders of political power are, it seems, after all, Englishmen, since they can appreciate the charm of didactic commonplace. It is better to listen to Mr. AYRTON, who is clever and prudent, and to Sir JOHN BOWRING, with his statistics and his theories, than to sympathize with Mr. BEALES's revolutionary nonsense.

MEXICO.

THE world forgets Mexico, for Mexico is no longer very interesting. There is no longer a gallant young Emperor to lament, or a beautiful Empress to pity. The French no longer afford food for the Spread-Eagleism of triumphant Yankees. Even for horrors there is no room, for all that could excite horror culminated in the execution of MAXIMILIAN. Still Mexico, though forgotten, goes on. Nor can it be said to be going on very badly, considering the frightful calamities through which it has recently passed. Years of civil war are not to be redeemed in a month or two. Trade is necessarily in the most languishing condition. No one has any dollars to spend, or to risk, or to produce. All has been lost, or is hoarded. Life is hard in Mexico just now, without amusement, or pleasure, or much certain hope, or much tolerable food. But still those who have never had any confidence in the state of things since the French first began their disastrous march on Puebla, who thought the Empire at best a generous mistake, and the whole intervention a curse to the country, begin to have confidence now. Nor is this true only of the immediate supporters of the winning party. Even in the palmiest days of the Empire not even the most ardent Imperialist believed in it. Every one had his own notion of that which was to replace it, but no one, except possibly the EMPEROR himself, thought it could last long. Now even those who are not Republicans believe in the Republic. If any Government can exist in Mexico, it must be a Republican one. Long ago Marshal BAZAINE, and all the most intelligent of the French officials, arrived at this conclusion. The Republicans alone cared, in their own rude way, for their country. They alone would fight and scheme and lose money for it. They had almost all the intelligence and the energy of the nation on their side, although their adversaries had wealth and numbers and the favour of the Church. Now the victory of the Republicans has been decisive, and it is because it has been decisive that there are hopes for Mexico. The Church party has been utterly defeated, and almost annihilated. Its leaders have been robbed, imprisoned, or shot. Its property has either been confiscated, or is in danger of immediate confiscation directly any number of people with money to buy it can be found. Hitherto the great evil of Mexico, the unceasing source of strife and civil war, has been the equality of the two parties. Any year the Church party might gain a slight advantage, and instal their President. With equal ease the Liberals, if they could but do a sharp stroke of business in some favourable quarter, might get their man in, and seize on the reins of government for a time. Nothing could be worse than this so far as the material prospects of the nation went. Each side was always coming into power, with its troop of needy adventurers, its passion for forced loans, and that sense of its own insecurity which warned it to be rapacious while rapacity was possible. This

evil, the fruitful parent of so many other evils, has been removed. The Church party has had such a chance as it never can have again, and has not succeeded in making anything of it. Now it is in utter confusion and despair. It is hardly possible to suppose that it can ever again lift up its head. Priests may have more or less influence, religion may revive or decay—if a further decay of religion is possible in Mexico—and this or that arrangement with the See of Rome may be come to. But that general conception of politics and life, and of this world and the next, which is the basis of government in modern republics, and which is denounced and cursed every time the POPE addresses the faithful, has rooted itself in Mexico, and triumphs and flourishes there; and this is the main result of the long struggle between the late EMPEROR and his adversaries—a struggle in which, curiously enough, the EMPEROR and his adversaries were in heart on the same side.

It is true that the Republican chiefs may quarrel among themselves. Nothing is more likely; but there are many causes at work which will make these quarrels less noxious and less serious than Mexican quarrels have hitherto been. It sounds almost incredible to Englishmen, but countries can go on pretty well under what we call anarchy so long as there is not an internecine strife between two nearly equal parties. There have been a great many revolutions in Spain since the close of the Carlist war, but they have not made Spain miserable in the way in which the war made it miserable. One President jockies another, one General ousts a rival, this province considers itself unfairly taxed as compared with that province; but still life flows on, and men are tolerably rich and tolerably happy. If the Republic of Mexico is firmly convinced henceforth, as it surely will be, that it is destined to remain a republic, and if all sensible men, however warmly they may feel for the Church, are persuaded that the triumph of what are called Church principles is impossible, then the struggles of the leading men for power may very probably not seriously injure the nation. In the next place, it is by no means beyond hope that there may be established something like a public opinion very adverse to these struggles of leading men. Even in Spain a feeling seems to have grown up that it is very foolish for private soldiers or private citizens to go and get shot in order that a new General may form a Ministry. And in Mexico, at present, every one is longing for repose and for some sort of certainty. The contest for the Presidency will probably not turn out to have been a very serious one, if there has been any contest at all, for all those who rejoice in the triumph of the Republic must agree that JUAREZ has deserved well of his country, and much less bitterness will be awakened by his success than by the election of any other leader. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the triumphant party is the party of the best men of the country; and although the best Mexicans are not very good, and cannot be expected to be very good, in the arts of government, yet it does not require a very high intelligence to perceive that it is an extremely silly thing to let the resources of a nation be for ever squandered in deciding who shall rule it. But there is also a new and a most powerful reason why the Mexicans should be a little more sensible and quiet than they have been. They are in a very delicate position with regard to the United States. They are very much indebted to the Government at Washington, but they are also very much afraid of it, and fear is stronger than gratitude. American influence in Mexico is not very strong just now, and the first duty of a Mexican is held to be that he should show himself ready to uphold the independence of his country. The diplomatic correspondence between Mr. SEWARD and the Mexican officials which has been recently published shows that Mr. SEWARD felt he could not reckon much on the readiness of the Mexicans to obey him. It cannot be said that the Government of the United States did not try to save the life of the EMPEROR, but it certainly did so in a most gentle and pleasant way. Mr. SEWARD even went so far as to point out that the Mexicans might take the life of the EMPEROR without fearing any retribution from Europe; but he argued that to do so would be bad policy. He gave no hint that the United States would view the execution of MAXIMILIAN with displeasure. On the contrary, he gave his correspondent distinctly to understand that he forbore to consider the subject in any other light than that of the true interests of Mexico. In fact he felt, and showed himself to feel, that if he hinted at anything like interference the Mexican Government would be ten times more resolved than before on showing its independence by shooting the EMPEROR. But if the Mexicans are thus anxious to avoid the interference of

the Americans, they must take care not to give an excuse for the interference they dread. If they have a Government which fails in the first duties of government, which can give no security against robbery and murder, and is itself the chief of robbers and murderers, the Americans must sooner or later occupy the country. The interests of many American citizens are far too intimately bound up with the preservation of something like order in Mexico to make it possible that Mexico should always be left alone if those interests are permanently and seriously imperilled.

Spaniards of all countries and all climates hate foreigners, and Mexicans are quite Spanish enough to share the feelings of their race. It is, therefore, very possible that ESCOBEDO, who is one of the most truculent of Mexicans, may have proclaimed his detestation of foreigners, and have founded a sort of claim to public esteem on the vigour with which he has adopted this noble and popular sentiment. It has recently been denied that the proclamation was genuine in which he was supposed to have given his enlightened views to the world. But, even if he really issued this proclamation, he was uttering no more than what thousands of his neighbours felt. The great thing is to know, not whether such views are or are not popular, but whether they practically influence the conduct of those at the head of affairs. The masses of most large towns in this country are prone to outbreaks of a brutal and degraded Protestantism, but every one who knows England at all knows that the English Government wishes, according to its lights, to treat Romanists fairly. In the same way, although ESCOBEDO and his friends may howl against foreigners, the practical question is whether foreigners are being badly treated by the Mexican Government. It does not appear that they are. On the contrary, they are receiving far better treatment than they received from the Imperial generals. The EMPEROR himself was far too just and generous not to wish to protect foreigners; but his deficiency in worldly wisdom made him the prey of needy and impotent adventurers, who took advantage of his goodnature to secure his countenance for schemes which necessarily failed, and the failure of which added to the impression that his reign was disastrous. The present Government of Mexico is said to be neither harsh nor unjust towards foreigners as individuals, although it will have nothing to do with foreigners as the *protégés* of foreign Governments. This is not an unnatural feeling to reign in the breasts of men who are still smarting from the misery of a gigantic act of intervention. To keep as clear as possible of all foreign Governments, that of the United States included; to favour and protect individual foreigners; to keep down the Church party with a strong hand; and to prevent future civil wars by killing off or exiling or imprisoning the leaders of the defeated party—such is the programme of the present Government of Mexico. It may be truly said that it is not a very grand or generous programme, but it may perhaps be a programme under which Mexico will have as good a chance as it is possible for it to have under existing circumstances. Too much must not be expected at once. Trade so completely prostrated as that of Mexico cannot revive quickly. The credit of the Mexican Government is to be not so much restored as created, and brigandage will flourish at present as it always flourishes under a weak Government. But affairs in Mexico are by no means without a ray of hope, and rays of hope have lately been so scarce with regard to anything Mexican that it is encouraging to have even a very slender ray enlivening the prospect that has long been so dark.

GERMANY.

AN enterprising English newspaper Correspondent has published an account of a conversation with Count BISMARCK, who seems to have communicated his opinions with surprising frankness. The American custom of catechising statesmen for the information of newspaper readers has not generally been found practicable in Europe; but possibly the Prussian Minister may not have been sorry to comply with the amusingly simple request for an interview. It cannot be said that he betrayed any State secrets which were beyond the reach of ordinary sagacity, for he announced that there would be peace with France because there was no reasonable cause of war, that Germany would certainly not be the aggressor, and that Frenchmen would gradually become reconciled to an inevitable and accomplished fact. Count BISMARCK professed the most friendly feelings to Austria, and perfect confidence in the peaceable policy of the Cabinet of Vienna. Russia, in his opinion, would hereafter be far more powerful

than any other European State, but at present financial difficulties and incomplete military preparations would postpone for an indefinite period the prosecution of ambitious designs in the East. Having exhausted more pressing topics, Count BISMARCK was at leisure to speculate on the prospects of the Abyssinian expedition. His anticipation that there will be a large outlay of money will certainly be justified by the result; and it may be hoped that he will prove as true a prophet in his expectation that there will be comparatively little loss of life. If the Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has not imagined or embellished his report, the candour of his informant may perhaps prove embarrassing to persons in high positions; and it is possible that diplomacy conducted through the intervention of journalists might sometimes be employed for purposes of deception. The Quaker deputation which obtained an assurance that the EMPEROR NICHOLAS entertained a horror of war contributed little to the solution of the Eastern question; nor was the EMPEROR NAPOLEON's reply to certain Liverpool busy-bodies a few years ago thought to be generally reassuring. If any Correspondent of a foreign newspaper desires to understand the recent change in the English Constitution, he may be confidently recommended to consult its official author. Nothing would be more gratifying to Mr. DISRAELI than to construct a special version of the Conservative theory for Continental consumption.

The short discussion on the Address in the North German Parliament contains the most authentic exposition of the policy both of the Government and the nation. The KING, in his opening Speech, had prudently avoided all reference to foreign menaces; but he may perhaps not have been displeased to find that independent speakers unanimously repudiated the possibility of allowing external dictation. The Address, which was the result of a compromise between the Conservative and Liberal parties, expressed the unanimous wish for a closer union with the South. A suggestion that the KING should be thanked for the significant reticence of his language was rejected by the majority as irritating and superfluous; but enough was said in the Address itself, and in the subsequent discussion, to satisfy the most sceptical Frenchman that Count BISMARCK is the mouthpiece of the national resolution. In answer to an expression of regret at the abandonment of Luxemburg, Count BISMARCK explained that the province was still German, and that Prussia had only abandoned a right of keeping a garrison in the citadel which was both legally doubtful and strategically worthless. In spite of Lord STANLEY's explanations, he added that the guarantee of neutrality was a full equivalent for the withdrawal of the garrison, and he wound up his statement by haughtily taking credit to a warlike King for unwillingness to employ a victorious army in the prosecution of an unnecessary quarrel. The affectation of self-denial and superiority cannot have been intended to be palatable to France; and the assumption, on all sides, that the extension of the Confederacy beyond the Main awaits only the initiative of the Southern States will confirm the impression which has been produced by the recent Circular. As it is improbable that an experienced statesman should wantonly provoke a powerful neighbour, it must be supposed that Count BISMARCK considers that a high-spirited and patriotic policy is indispensable to the popularity of his Government in Prussia and in the dependent States. He may possibly have begun to perceive that Parliaments have their use in strengthening Governments, although they may sometimes interfere with the arbitrary exercise of the prerogative. CAVOUR thoroughly knew how to make his Parliament urge him in the direction which he had resolved to pursue, and BISMARCK has long been engaged in a not dissimilar enterprise.

The progress of Germany towards reunion, since the establishment of Prussian supremacy, has been exempt from many of the difficulties which embarrassed CAVOUR and his successors. Vigorous government, financial prosperity, identity of language, and similarity of institutions have facilitated the attainment of an object which had long been contemplated as desirable; and, above all, the German nation is too powerful to require or to tolerate foreign patronage. The convocation of a Federal Parliament may have been convenient for the adjustment of internal relations, but it would be absurd to organize an elaborate representative system for the mere regulation of details. There are still careless politicians, both in England and France, who regard the recent changes as the result of selfish Prussian usurpation; and it is well that there should be an opportunity of showing that the Government has only given effect to the national will. There can be little doubt of the sincerity of Count Bis-

MARK'S unwillingness to force complete annexation on the outlying portions of Western Germany. For purposes of revenue and defence there is no separation between the right and the left bank of the Main, and there would be no advantage in governing Baden or Wurtemberg directly in the name of the King of PRUSSIA. Saxony itself, and the other minor members of the Northern Confederacy, retain the form of independent sovereignty, and it will be expedient to try on a limited scale the novel experiment of a Confederacy administered in internal matters by hereditary princes. Bavaria, with four millions of Catholic subjects, would be less easily assimilated than Mecklenburg or Brunswick, and a wise statesman would direct the national desire of change rather towards an unattained union than to the reaction which would almost certainly follow an accomplished revolution. The opponents of union in Wurtemberg and Bavaria derive a plausible argument against the treaties from Count BISMARCK'S moderation. If, they contend, Prussia is not disposed to include the Southern States in the Confederacy, it is imprudent to submit to military supremacy in the absence of any share in political counsels. There can, however, be little doubt that the treaties of alliance will be ratified by the Southern Assemblies; and a policy of moderation, amongst its other advantages, can be easily abandoned. The danger of foreign war also deserves consideration, although it may be prudent as well as dignified to profess indifference to the wishes of France. It is unnecessary to disturb by formal changes the arrangements of Prague, when the formation of a Southern Confederacy has already become impossible. Prosperity produces moderation at least as naturally as it encourages presumption.

The political controversies which have been suspended during the consolidation of the new Confederacy will necessarily revive as soon as external complications recede into the background. All parties in Prussia are of one mind on the question of national unity, and there has been little desire to impede the Government in the attainment of the common object; but the differences between the Crown and the House of Deputies have never yet been adjusted, nor is it finally ascertained whether the control of the finances remains with the Government or with the representatives of the people. The Minister has thought fit to dissolve the Prussian Parliament on the plausible pretext of the new condition of affairs which now seems to require an appeal to the constituencies. It is not unnatural that he should seek to avail himself of the popularity due to his great public services, and it is not improbable that the forthcoming elections will increase the number of his supporters in the House; but he will scarcely succeed in displacing the great Liberal majority. As Count BISMARCK is neither a bigoted politician nor an extreme absolutist, it is possible that he may ultimately make terms with the Constitutional party; but, as long as the KING claims the entire control of the army, it will be difficult to arrange a satisfactory compromise. Both the Minister and the supporters of limited monarchy have a strong interest in forming an alliance against the violent democrats who hope ultimately to convert the contest for national unity into an agitation for a German Republic. Perhaps it is in anticipation of serious domestic difficulties that Count BISMARCK continually forces on public attention the defiant attitude which he maintains towards foreign Powers.

THE MONEY-MARKET.

ANOTHER little panic this week testifies to the uneasy state of the Money-market, without (we say it with all respect to the Stock-Exchange people who hold our purse-strings in their hands) the shadow of a rational cause. This time the occasion was that certain persons in Paris—interested or disinterested, as the case may be—had been flying canards to the effect that the EMPEROR was ill, that Rome was in insurrection, that Italy and Prussia had concluded an intimate alliance, that an ultimatum had been sent from the Tuileries to Berlin, and that a Ministerial crisis was imminent in France. Except that a more or less vigorous disturbance in Rome is likely enough just now, there is not the slightest ground for believing any one of these sinister reports; but it is not for credulousness that we find fault with the Stock-Exchange community and their clients. The extreme absurdity of the depression in the Money-market would not be in the least mitigated if every one of the reported catastrophes had been an actual fact. To take the least improbable of them—if there were an outbreak in Rome, the only likely result, if it were sufficiently formidable, would be to constrain the POPE to accept the aid of the considerable Italian force which now hedges in his little dominion; and nothing

could more accord with English ideas of what would conduce to the stability of Continental politics than such a consummation as this. An alliance, offensive and defensive, between Germany and Italy would be a still stronger guarantee of peace, and a proportionately better reason for confidence in commercial affairs. The notion of an ultimatum passing between two countries which have no overt subject of controversy, whatever may be their feelings of mutual jealousy and dislike, is too ridiculous to be credited in the city of London; and as for the EMPEROR'S health, we should be sorry to believe that our securities ought to fall in value every time he asks the advice of his physician, which there is no special reason to believe that he has been doing of late.

The real significance of the sudden attack of nervousness which seems to have troubled the Money-market is to be sought, not in the imaginary occasion of the disturbance, but in the chronic condition of uneasiness which has now lasted a year and a half, and seems almost as far as ever from a cure. In some respects monetary panics have shown the tendency, attributed to epidemics, of becoming milder on each successive visit, but in the permanence of distrust the last panic is the worst ever experienced. No instance could be cited in which universal alarm continued to manifest itself in its most childish form as it has done since the crash of May, 1866, notwithstanding a rate of discount unprecedentedly low, and an accumulation of bullion which must be a positive nuisance to the Bank Directors, who cannot tell what to do with their superfluous cash. The fact, however, remains that no one dares to invest at reasonable (or indeed, for the matter of that, at unreasonable) prices in almost any security, while the banks are choking with the amount of deposits of which they hardly venture to make any use. One great conclusion is to be drawn from the present condition of monetary affairs, and that is that the sole datum of the economists—the price of accommodation—is altogether insufficient to explain the fluctuations of the market. Money may now be borrowed *ad libitum* at 2 per cent. and invested to produce 5 per cent., and yet there is no eagerness to take advantage of so favourable an opening. Those who have disposable funds prefer to leave them in the hands of a bank which pays 1½ per cent. rather than make a rational use of their opportunities. The depression of certain classes of securities has been plausibly explained on special grounds. Railway shares, and even railway debentures, have been more or less discredited by recent disclosures of the practices of some of the more shaky Companies. Foreign loans are, perhaps rightly, less in favour than usual. Limited Companies stink in the nostrils of investors, and mines are what mines always are. Still the proportion of sound speculations is probably quite as large as it was two years ago, when every share was at a premium, while the amount of money available for investment appears by all indications to be much larger; and there can be no doubt that the universal depression has no more to do with the amount of available funds than it has with the sanitary condition of the Man in the Moon. The predominating influence which is outside of all that political economists take into account is simply a habit or temper of distrust, which is just as much a disease, and a very mischievous disease, as any of the ordinary hallucinations which, according to mad-doctors, entitle the victim to the privilege of committing crime with immunity. No other theory will at all meet the facts. If any well-grounded suspicion of miscellaneous securities were the real cause of the state of the market, Consols at any rate should be free from the imputation, and ought to bear an enhanced price in consequence of the disfavour in which competing investments are held. But, on the contrary, we find that it is considered by the people who have money—and who are therefore presumably wise in such matters—that it is better to get 1½ per cent. from a Joint-Stock Bank than 3½ from the British Government. There is no accounting for tastes, but certainly so strange a state of things shows the utter insufficiency of the basis on which economical science is built. The enlightened self-interest which is assumed to be the basis of ordinary transactions has practically disappeared, and the affairs of the greatest commercial centre in the world hinge upon tremors and fancies and whims as unintelligible as the crotchets of a feminine hypochondriac.

There is this consolation, that men who can keep their heads have an admirable opportunity for investment; but in the meantime the sensitiveness of the commercial community seriously interferes with the normal operations of trade. As yet the Revenue returns show but slight symptoms of decline, but all private reports speak of the stagnation of trade and the extreme caution of operators; and the most

casual glance at the great industrial quarters of the City, and especially at the banks of the Thames, is enough to show that a dull lethargy has succeeded to the fever fit which brought about the crisis of 1866. If, however, the amount of notes in circulation may be relied on as a test, trade is beginning rapidly to recover its energies. There was a time when the operators in the London Exchange had the reputation of combining prudence and boldness with an elastic power of recovering a passing depression which no other country could boast; but now there is not a Bourse in the world which shows the same feminine dyspeptic symptoms that have prevailed in England for eighteen months. France got through the last crisis with scarcely a trouble of any note; and though she is not in a state of commercial comfort at the present moment, her symptoms are far less discreditable than those which are undermining our own spirit of enterprise. America has been tried, by war, and taxation, and bad commercial legislation, to an extent that would have excused the generally expected panic of last year, and is not now free from reasonable apprehension; but the New Yorkers have not lost all courage and steadfastness, as our London operators seem to have done. The same contrast is exhibited all over the world; and if the temper which now prevails is to last much longer, or to recur after every greater or less disturbance of monetary affairs, London will cease to occupy the commanding position which it gained when men were rational in the midst of prosperity, and did not lose their heads for an indefinite time after any adverse occurrence. The most gloomy view of present prospects wholly fails to justify the tone of despondency which is everywhere manifested. The harvest may be below the average, but there is quite enough of accumulated gold to counterbalance any mischief to be feared on this account. There is the usual, and perhaps not more than the usual, possibility of a Continental war; for though France and Prussia may hate each other, the Germans are certain not to begin a war; and the French, if not absolutely afraid of encountering a united Germany, are not at present in the mood to squander their money and their lives in doubtful and objectless hostilities. Even if foreigners should take to cutting each other's throats, experience teaches us that capitalists are quite as likely to gain as to lose by the indirect effects of the process; and indeed it is probable that the actual commencement of hostilities would have less influence on our Funds than any of the idle tales which it pleases certain people in Paris to circulate.

Nothing that any one can say will have much efficacy in curing what is really a constitutional disorder of a chronic character. Confidence and judgment have been destroyed, and are slowly—very slowly—recovering their condition of health. A doctor does no good by bullying a hypochondriacal patient, and however strongly we may feel the absurdity of the existing sensitiveness of the Money-market, it is useless to look to anything but time for the remedy. Unfortunately, the balance will no sooner be restored than it will plunge into the opposite direction, and lamentations over commercial stagnation will be followed, after a brief interval of sane symptoms, by the necessity of raising an ineffectual voice of warning against the excesses of extravagant credulity. So far as can at present be discerned, the periods of excess in one direction or the other are continually increasing, while the lucid intervals become shorter and shorter. This is not creditable to a country which used to pride itself on its commercial enterprise, moderation, and stability, and those who most deprecate inflated speculation should be the most active in dispelling the cloud of causeless distrust which has so long darkened the commercial horizon.

THE ADVANCE OF BARBARISM.

IT has often been asked whether it is possible for nations which have attained to a high stage of civilization to relapse into barbarism. Historical precedents are of course abundant which seem to go in the direction of affirming the question. The Four Great Empires are supposed to be cases in point. We look to the desolate shores of the Euphrates and the Nile, or muse over the ruins of Palenque and Uxmal, and mourn the instability of human greatness. The mind of Greece has fallen into a way of national life remarkable for brigandage at home and successful huxtering abroad. Spain, once the leading nation of European civilization, has descended to the lowest degree of national manners and morals. It is assumed that Christianity, education, and our political experience, to say nothing of our material wealth and prosperity, and the rapid growth of all ranks in wealth and refinement, are sufficient guarantees against debasement on a large scale. The conditions under which decay and ruin visited Oriental

civilization, and which sapped the Roman Empire, cannot, it is argued, recur in Western Christendom, and under the influences of modern society. And this is quite true. But the real question is not whether society will or can fall back into ancient barbarism, but rather whether, under present influences, another sort of barbarism may not assert itself side by side with modern culture; and, if so, whether it is possible that even our civilization can stand the assault. The present law of human development—for a law is assumed—is supposed to be one in virtue of which the victory, however slow and laborious the contest between good and evil, is always and invariably on the right side. Truth and justice are sure to prevail; and an infinite and always expanding perfectibility is the law of social progress. To those who are always nervously on the look-out for a sign, there are at the present moment, here at home and close to our doors, certain things sufficiently important to study. We say "study," because they are such in number and value as perhaps to indicate a class or generic character.

Possibly it may be cynically said that towards the afternoon of the year, and in the collapse of politics, journalists turn naturally to what they call domestic and social subjects. We shall be told that, if we ask a moment's thought to our family annals here in England, it is only another form of the Big Gooseberry and Toad in the Rock season. Possibly; but sneering at the facts of current life does not annihilate them. Nor does mere sermonizing about social evils do much good. Rather the reverse, if, like one of the daily London newspapers, we were to write pathetic and virtuous articles about baby-murder and the doings of Mrs. JAGGER, and at the very same moment assist a worse than questionable trade by publishing, "with the largest circulation in the world," advertisements "for ladies' accouchement," "baby-linen and other requisites found.—Mrs. B——, &c. &c."

Considerable indignation has been called out by the crimes perpetrated at Sheffield and Manchester. When we, and others, attempted, or rather were by the force of evidence driven, to show that those murders and outrages must be traced to a principle, we were sorely handled. Our writing was incendiary; we were perpetuating the war of classes. The crimes proved were those of only a few isolated Unions, and of rough, ignorant, unskilled labourers. BROADHEAD and CROOKES, it was said, stand apart; and at any rate the Sheffield sawgrinders and the Manchester brickmakers do not conclude a general principle. It is unfortunate for this view that, as a matter of fact, BROADHEAD is continued in the confidence of his fellows, and CROOKES remains to this hour a member of his trade fraternity. We infer, therefore, the sympathy of their fellows with these murderers from the solid fact that the connexion still subsists. And so, advancing another step, we do not find that the General Assembly and Union of Unions have done more than give formal assent to a verbal and inoperative condemnation of these atrocities. The Sheffield and Manchester local Unions have not been excommunicated. Then take another case. We have recently seen a social outbreak in the very heart of London. The Tailors' Strike has, we are told by those who defend the Trades' Union system, been conducted quite according to rule. The men declined to work except on such an advance of wages as would seriously contract trade. They struck, and managed the strike, according to custom, by the picket system. It is clear, says their apologist, that the pickets were sometimes guilty of annoyance by hissing, foul language, &c.; to which it might have been added that they were also guilty of the coarsest intimidation, and in more than one instance of assault. The pickets offended not only against order, but against the public peace. The only point on which, at the moment, we insist is that this mode of concluding the strike is affirmed by Unionist authorities to be necessary. Baron BRAMWELL is blamed for infringing on the unwritten law of personal liberty in his anxiety to vindicate the law of public safety. And it is actually argued that the law of conspiracy ought to be so far modified as to permit in all cases such modes of conducting a strike as were, in the instance of the tailors' pickets, pronounced to be illegal. In other words, it is asked to take off the prohibition against foul language, violence, and intimidation. Or, to put it in another form, the claim is seriously urged, both in the Trades' Union apologies and in the defence of the pickets, that henceforth the law should not interfere with social crimes of a certain class.

Turning to another field of inquiry, we find in the case of the Fenian outrages a large and perhaps influential public opinion distinctly enlisted on the side of riot, disorder, and bloodshed. It is plainly held—and, which is much more

important, the doctrine is carried out—that such traitors against the public peace as the Fenian leaders are above the law, and that in their case no human law ought to interfere as the avenger of blood. Men who are only possessed by strong political passions are not as ordinary criminals. To execute them when caught is denounced as a political crime of the first magnitude; and there are whole classes of society which hold it to be a sacred duty to conceal them from justice, to resist justice when engaged in their pursuit, and even to commit wholesale murder to effect their release when captured. Whether ALLEN is or is not guilty of the murder of the policeman BRETT we shall not, of course, say; but it is quite clear that in Manchester a vast number of persons, amounting to a whole section of the population, assume him, or whoever it was who shot BRETT, to be a great hero. The persons supposed to have been engaged in the attack on the Manchester police are quite equal to HARMODIUS and ARISTOGITON. Nor is this feeling confined to the rough Manchester men. Last week a foul murder, or at any rate what was intended for murder, was committed in the streets of London. The man charged with the murder is undoubtedly a Fenian, and, for purposes connected with his political views, it appears that he always goes about armed with murderous weapons. Whether the man now in custody fired the fatal shot in Bloomsbury, or whether the assassination was actually more than an incident of a street brawl, is unimportant; what is material is the fact that the mere rumour of GROVES being connected with Fenianism insures him a certain amount of popular sympathy and approval. In London, as in Manchester, it is found necessary to secure persons charged with murder from a popular rescue by what is called an imposing demonstration of military or police force. Bloodshed and murder are venial things in the face of certain other overpowering considerations—trade interests, political interests, and the like.

Yes, it will be said, but after all, and in all ages, there are murders and there are murderers. Revolution and insurrection sanctify bloodshed. Philosophers find it difficult to say when tyrannicide ceases to be a crime and becomes a heroic act. VIRGINIUS has won immortal glory; there was much to be said for MEDEA; SHAKESPEARE intended to condemn HAMLET's irresolution when he hesitated and doubted about the sacred duty of stabbing his stepfather. What ends sanctify what means it would be hard, we are assured, to say. And now and then this sceptical theory towards murder is acted upon. The bloody murderer who is now under sentence of death—the Frenchman LOUIS BORDIER, who found it necessary to kill his concubine because he believed that Almighty God was a fiction of the Jesuits, and that he was poor and in ill health—ought not to be hung, because the fact that he entertains these views is quite enough to discharge him from responsibility. We dismiss at once the consideration about his alleged insanity, because insanity is an ambiguous term, and the jurists and the medicine men cannot agree about it. But the broad result, which is the only matter worth considering, is that, in the judgment of a vast number of people, to hold especially bloody and wicked principles, and still more to act up to those principles, is quite sufficient warrant to escape all responsibility for the results. The general practitioner who gave evidence on BORDIER's trial is not, in intelligence and experience, inferior to the science men of the day, and they are persuaded that to hang such a man as BORDIER would be a crime and injustice; and no doubt at the present moment the HOME SECRETARY receives many pathetic appeals for the exercise of mercy, and it is quite possible that they may be attended to.

On the whole, then, on a broad and cursory review of the facts of the day, we are led to the disagreeable impression that reverence for the sanctity of human life is growing less and less; that, speaking almost generally, murder and violent crimes, bloodshed and outrage, and assassination in the public streets, are not looked upon with great popular horror. And further, we find that it is a commonplace of the times that we have outgrown all the old and coarser forms of punishment; that law must now depend upon its persuasive force, not upon its pains and penalties. What comes of it, then, seems to be this, that the more ferocious and violent the popular mind gets to be, the more we must decline to attempt to check it by violence and coercion. Let Hyde Park be wrecked rather than move a policeman's truncheon. To be sure we are entering upon the reign of brute force; but Law must shrug its shoulders, and retire from the unequal and useless strife. Anyhow, it is preached, the gallows, the scaffold, and the whip do no good. The question, however, is, if these coarse and brutal arguments were only suited to a

coarse and brutal condition of society, whether our society does not exhibit such coarseness and such brutality as to justify us in returning to them? Fine natures can only be touched to fine issues, it is quite true; but who shall say, after a week's newspapers, in what our fineness consists?

CONVERTS TO CHRISTIANITY.

THE passion for converting the world to Christianity has been in modern times a noble, a natural, and a useful passion. The most civilized nations, as a rule, have been Christian; the Christian code of morals is as high and ideal a code as any that can be named; and the conclusion has seemed reasonable that, in order to make the heathen world better and happier, the first thing was to make it Christian. Feelings of piety came in to foster this laudable desire. Those who are firmly convinced of the importance of their own faith would act strangely indeed if they failed to use every effort to persuade others to embrace it. The missionary spirit has accordingly prevailed in every section of the Christian world where sincerity and earnestness have been found. The Roman Catholic and the English branches have devoted much energy to the task; nor have other Protestant sects failed of bearing their just proportion in the work. Nor have they been satisfied with attempts to convert the heathen only. Much superfluous activity has been spent in the perhaps more successful endeavour to convert one another. Protestants and Catholics work day and night to establish the relative superiority of their rival creeds; and occasional migrations from one body to another prove that each respective form of belief in turn is adapted to suit the wants and phases of particular minds. Just at present it is impossible not to notice a phenomenon which is patent to us all. Compared with the number of outsiders who are turned from Paganism to Christianity, the number of Christians who are, so to speak, led to exchange one section of the universal Church for another is enormous. Every day men and women of cultivation change from Romanism to Anglicanism, from Anglicanism to Romanism, and from Dissent to both. On the other hand, in proportion to the labour spent upon them, the number of non-Christians who are converted to Christianity is meagre in the extreme. Those who are best acquainted with the working of our foreign missions complain, in their intervals of despondency, that few converts are made anywhere except from among the uneducated class. To take an obvious example, it is remarkable that few intelligent Hindoos can be induced to leave their own faith for ours. The mission-houses rely for their list of triumphs on the feats they have achieved among the very lowest, and even the most degraded, class. People who have been brought up in Christianity may be pardoned for being struck with the indisputable fact. Looking back into history, we find the growth and progress of Christianity in past ages very different from anything to be seen in our own era. It naturally occurs to us to ask ourselves whether virtue has gone out of our hereditary religion in later times, or, if not, why it is that a faith the moral beauty of which is undeniable no longer seems to possess the power of attraction, even for Orientals, which it has till recently been proud to claim.

The first thing to be observed in reply to such criticism is that the foreign missionary work of Christians is no longer what it was, and cannot be taken as an adequate measure of the vitality of their Church. The growth of large cities, and the exuberant increase of modern European populations, furnishes missionaries with an ampler as well as a more immediate field for exertion. It may nowadays be said of the heathen, as it is said in the Bible of the poor, that "they are always with us." Nobody need sail into another hemisphere to look for them. And as a matter of fact, in the Church of England and among Protestant Dissenters, scarcely anybody of very superior intellectual capacity does. Without ignoring the great example set to philanthropists, no less than to the religious world, by leaders like Cotton, Selwyn, and Patteson, on the whole it is true that the rank and file employed abroad are not remarkable for any except moral qualities. Perhaps, on the whole, we have reason to be thankful that, instead of converting the intelligent natives, they do not get perverted by them. The bulk of power in the Protestant Churches of Europe is certainly spent at home; with what success it is difficult to estimate satisfactorily, but certainly with unflagging zeal and good faith. The question whether Christianity still makes converts on a large scale cannot be answered without taking into calculation its influence on those members of nominally Christian communities who, but for such influence, would be living in a state of natural irreligion.

In fairness to our own generation it ought not to be forgotten that a great deal of the conversion which at the beginning of its career Christianity effected in individual cases and *seriatim*, has been by this time accomplished once for all for modern society, and, so to speak, wholesale. The moral ideas which constituted the main strength of the religion at its outset have been silently accepted by the world, and embodied into its ordinary social life. They have not therefore, in the case of every individual, to be reintroduced and refounded upon argument and reason. They rest securely in our instincts and affections. Whatever people may think of the historical facts narrated in our sacred books, even if they reject what is commonly called the supernatural element in them, they still are willing, as a rule, to admit the purity and the moral worth of the ideas developed in

the teaching of the earliest founders of the Church. It is perfectly true that even these ideas have of late been exposed to severe hostile criticism. M. Comte's followers think there is something egotistical and selfish in the way in which Christianity appeals to man's spiritual nature. *Vivre pour autrui*, they insist, is a formula not merely superior to, but slightly inconsistent with, the tone of the golden law itself. They hint that Christianity bases its appeal to man on personal considerations, and on mystic enthusiasm which tends to make him forget that the highest ambition and aim of all should be simply to live for humanity. And up to a certain point there is a sort of substantial sense in what they say. Christianity, as it is not uncommonly taught, does run to seed very often in a kind of spiritual selfishness and egotism. It teaches men to concentrate their attention on their own eternal welfare; it familiarizes them with the conception of the eternal unhappiness of a large proportion of the race; and it does not sufficiently make room for the idea of the gradual development and perfectibility on earth of the great human family. But the Comtist school confuse two things when they infer, from the blemishes in ordinary theological teaching, that the social influence which Christianity leaves behind it even when it passes away is narrow or egotistical. On the contrary, the fairer view is that the whole history of the world is full of generous deeds of self-devotion and philanthropy of which the spirit of Christianity has been directly the parent. Christianity has had its personal side. But it has had its social and benevolent side too, and the one great moral of early Christianity surely was that love of God is best shown by what M. Comte calls the service of humanity. As such service is now admitted to be the first practical duty of man by Comtists and non-Comtists alike, and as the idea of such service was first introduced on a large scale into society through the medium of Christianity, it is not an exaggeration to say that one of the reasons why fewer converts are made is because society at large is half converted already. Our early teaching, our habits, and our moral views, such as they are, give the Christian Church a right to call us all semi-converts from the moment we are born.

Over and above this moral aspect of the case, there remains the historical and doctrinal side of Christianity. And it cannot be denied that the hold which this side has on the civilized world seems daily to be growing weaker. It would be wholly beyond our province to discuss the theological problems involved in the question whether this decay of belief is fortunate or unfortunate. It is enough to observe that it is not strange that the fact should be so. The question of the truth of Christianity did not in early times present itself in a purely historical shape. Christianity had come before the world as the exponent of new moral and spiritual conceptions; and the undoubted strength of its moral position, in an uncritical and unscientific age, was enough to carry conviction to easily satisfied minds of the miraculous phenomena to which it laid claim. As we have said above, the moral part of the religion has now been universally accepted. The questions still unsolved are questions of fact connected with its early origin. It is not natural to expect that people should be as rapidly convinced or converted to what remains, now that one-half of what was formerly in debate has become common ground to both believers and unbelievers. Converts in such a case must be fewer; and the fact is not any disparagement to Christianity. Every additional century that elapses since its foundation makes the history of its foundation recede from us. Men of intelligence feel a difficulty, which increases in proportion to such a lapse of time, in making up their minds as to what positively happened. The present day is peculiarly a day of destructive criticism. All profane history of a very ancient date is being overhauled, and the plainest pages of historians, before we have exhausted all that is to be said about them, seem full of obscurity and doubt. We find reason every year to think that history cannot be depended on; and the study of the comparative history of the world's religions, especially of Oriental religions, has a necessary tendency to weaken positive conviction. It is evident that this serious change in our own times does not make the leading facts of Christianity either more or less true. What it does is to make it more difficult to prove anything with certainty about their truth or untruth; and there is no irreverence involved in the recognition of a state of things which is indeed patent to all observers who do not insist on closing their eyes to the opinions of the world about them. Before we reproach our Churches for making fewer converts than formerly, we ought therefore to ask ourselves whether this is really the fault of the Churches, or the necessary effect of time, which makes all old things, especially religious phenomena, difficult of proof, and to a certain extent obscure. As far as converts of great intellectual intelligence are concerned, this difficulty at times strikes the most hopeful as insurmountable. Most Christians have, or believe at any rate that they have, sufficient grounds for remaining in the faith under the shadow of which they have been trained. If they can succeed in throwing the onus of proof on the assailant whose object it is to destroy their own religious position, they do not feel satisfied that he makes out his case. Whatever doubts he may introduce, he does not get so far as to disprove positively what they have learnt to believe. But when it comes to making converts, the onus is uncomfortably shifted on to themselves. It is one thing not to see one's way to disprove the facts of Christian history; it is quite another thing to be able to prove them. If the ablest theologian in either the Roman Catholic or the Anglican Church were set down to grapple with and to convert an intelligent Pagan who started by accepting all the moral, but denying

the historical, part of the creed, he would feel in his own mind that he was attempting a Herculean task. The whole ground underneath him would be mined into scientific and metaphysical pitfalls.

When we pass from the case of an intellectual disbeliever to that of the ordinary lower class of minds represented by the labourer or the artisan, there is another difference between the shape in which modern and ancient Christianity presents itself, which excuses and accounts for difficulties experienced by the Christian teacher. In its inception Christianity was pre-eminently the religion of the poor. The spiritualistic portions both of the Old and New Testaments are full of a popular, and, if one might use a bold figure, of almost a democratic tendency. Christianity cannot be said to be now in the same condition. Owing to its own triumphs, it has become the religion of the rich and the powerful. State Governments have recognised it. Arbitrary power has endeavoured to make it an engine of repressing popular disaffection and free thought. To effect this object the world's rulers have not hesitated to deprave Christianity itself, to misconstrue its teaching, and even to bribe its hierarchy. When we reflect on the political attitude and creed of the Roman Catholic Church, for instance, it is impossible not to see why Christianity, as it is taught at least to a large part of Europe, fails to conquer the affections of the masses. All these considerations go some way to explain the fact that conversions to Christianity seem to be rarer than they used to be. We cannot alter the conditions under which we live, and all we have to do is to make the best of them.

THE LITERATURE OF THE FUTURE.

THE people who read the now famous Latter-Day Pamphlet on Niagara were disappointed in finding that their prophet only dimly hinted what the aristocracy of genius was to do. In some additions which he has made on the republication of his remarks, Mr. Carlyle has, in a measure, repaired this omission. Admitting that advice, even the best, will be impotent in defining or appointing the mission which it were most profitable for the Aristoi of literature to undertake, he throws out one or two suggestions which well deserve attention. Put briefly, what he says to his literary *aristos* is this. Don't embark in art, poetry, or the like. It is not pleasant singing that we want, but wise and earnest speaking. These ornamental pursuits are all well enough for people at their ease; but "to persons still wrestling with deadly chaos, and still fighting for dubious existence, they are a mockery rather." Don't have anything to do with fiction either, which is too near akin to lying. Literature generally you will also do well to leave to itself. "In fifty years, I should guess, all really serious souls will have quitted that mad province, left it to the roaring populi; and for any Noble-man or useful person it will be a credit rather to declare 'I never tried literature; believe me, I have not written anything'; and we of 'literature' by trade, we shall sink again, I perceive, to the rank of street fiddling, no higher rank, though with endless increase of sixpences flung into the hat." The thing to do, in fine, is to write the History of England. "To write the History of England as a kind of Bible (or in parts and snatches to sing it if you could), this were work for the highest Aristos or series of Aristoi in Sacred Literature."

Substantially, this does not come to very much. There is a negative part—Avoid the poetic muse; and a positive part—Worship the historic muse. The negative part we hold to be as unsound as most negative general precepts are, while the positive part is too vague and indefinite. The spirit of man moves in one direction, and before a common impulsion. If we are in so evil a case as not to be able to produce good poetry, then neither shall we be able to produce good history of the "sacred kind" which Mr. Carlyle means. If one class of our best and highest minds is not inspired with poetic passion, and with the beauties of form, and the sense of colour and harmony, then no more will our best and highest minds in another class possess the power and insight and spiritual truthfulness which are desired in their order. Would Mr. Carlyle have written the History of the French Revolution as he has written it, if he had not, over and above the forces of his own genius, surrounded himself with the influences of the purely poetic and artistic manifestations of his time—if he had not been the contemporary of Goethe, of Coleridge, of Wordsworth, and the rest? Besides, granting that the crying evil of England in our time, as we are half disposed to believe, is "a torpid unvaricacy of heart," how shall this be dispelled by the poet hanging his harp upon the willows, the painter breaking his palette, the writer spurning the aids of art? If men's ideas of beauty and form and passion are low and toneless, we have in that the most certain symptom of dulness and stupid torpor over the whole field of character. And it is more than a symptom. The revival of these ideas—artistic, ornamental, poetic, æsthetic, call it what you will—is the surest remedy for moral slothfulness and lack of light. The contrast between pleasant singing and earnest speaking strikes us as little less than absolutely meaningless. If poetry were confined to Tom Moore's songs, it might be very well to snub it in this way. But Mr. Carlyle's contrast fills one with amazement when we remember that poetry is not only the opposite of wise and earnest speaking, but is in itself actually the wisest and most earnest sort of speaking. Is it possible that Mr. Carlyle can believe that the glittering hollow sillinesses of Mr. Ruskin, for example, constitute earnest speaking, destined

to awaken a slumberous generation, to fill us with light and brightness and moral conviction, while the best verse of Browning, Arnold, or Tennyson will only please us, will make no stir and life in men's hearts? Our teacher has himself complained of the over-plenteousness of good advice in our epoch, with no consequence visible but new pavement for hell. Earnest speaking of the direct sort will do little more good than whistling down the wind would do. To bid people, in tones of thunder and with a glance of lightning, to be vivacious and bright, and so forth, is to do nothing. Direct injunctions of the moral order, and copious exhortations to valour and manliness and truthfulness, are worth as little as can be. What have the monitions of the pulpit done for mankind? Is there any reason to believe that monitions from the pulpit of the writer, without theological background, will do more? People are none the better for floods of the very best speaking. And if we believe this, it is Mr. Carlyle who has done more than any other writer living to impress it upon us that this is so. Goethe was wise when he said, If you would improve a man, let him suppose that you already think him that which you wish to make him. One of the most effective ways of enlarging and opening the spirit of a man, and increasing its moral capacity, is to enliven and stir up the intellectual capacity. What you want is not a body of men powerful at exhortation, great in invective against the sins of their time, burning with anger and contempt for the shortcomings of their fellows, but a keener and more active intellectual effort. But this effort, to be of any marked service, will manifest itself in all fields of intellectual activity alike. Ideas must reign in poetry, in history, in philosophy, in art, with equal force. Hammering at moral saws and apophthegms, thunderous or acrid rebuking, wearies men. Kindle the intellectual sentiment, the bright appreciativeness of ideas in one embodiment as in another, and "torpid unactivity of heart" will disappear with rapidity enough. A man with a thoroughly bright mind may have a thousand bad faults, but neither torpor, nor that peculiar and hateful kind of unactivity which resides in torpor, will be among them. Active and many-sided exertion of mind out of the money-getting sphere would seem to comprehend the conditions of future advancement. To attain this object the many-sidedness of literature is indispensable. It is essential that not history only, but every other subject, should be pursued with zeal, with disinterestedness, and with the view of impregnating them all with vivid ideas. If this condition be observed, then every form of literary expression will be wholesome and valuable for us, and probably that artistic form of pleasant singing and so forth which Mr. Carlyle deprecates will prove the most salutary and precious of all.

Of that study which Mr. Carlyle prescribes as the specially fruitful pursuit of the literary Aristoi who are to rise up among us, if such good fortune be ours, there is also something to be said. There is history and history. The historian may be a man of intense poetic power, who will photograph a picture for us with instant and piercing effect, or he may be a calm-minded man, born for philosophy, for the discovery and orderly explanation of the series of conditions which led to any given historic state, and those which followed after the given state. The historian may be a fiery poet, or a cool philosopher. He may write, for example, either as Mr. Carlyle writes about the French Revolution, or as De Tocqueville does. He may write about Clive or Hastings like Macaulay, or like James Mill. The honest student will feel grateful to both—to the poetic historian as well as to the philosophic historian. The majority of Englishmen are not students, and a great many of them are too ignorant of the virtue of intellectual honesty also. These two facts supply a couple of arguments, one for the poetic, another for the philosophic school. As most people are indolent in what they read, it is of the highest value to have writers who can awaken and fix the attention of even an indolent mind. The service which both Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle render—the former principally by his complete mastery over all the arts of gorgeous colour and striking composition, the latter principally by a native force and fire of insight—has been and will remain incalculable throughout our time. But the future of historical literature depends very much upon the possibility of interpenetrating this vivid pictorial and poetic school with the calmer reason of those philosophic writers whom Mr. Carlyle is always jeering at as logic-choppers and the rest. The historian of what he would call the sacred kind is a dangerous person unless you take along with his very strong meats some strong correctives from the men whom he despises. Dazzled by style, and colour, and energy, the reader is too apt to surrender his whole judgment to writers to whom he ought only to have lent his ear conditionally and for the hour. There is enough political immorality in Mr. Carlyle's histories to create a nation of brigands. The disciples who should venture to ask whether Frederick, in invading Silesia, was justified by those principles which are believed to be best for human well-being, whether Cromwell acted righteously at Drogheda and at Wexford, are rebuked with portentous contempt for their folly in measuring great historic events by the ordinary rule of right and wrong. You may not ask of any of these transactions, Was it wrong? A garrison is put to the sword in a peculiarly bloody and relentless manner. You humbly suggest that surely this was wrong. Hereupon the prophet annihilates you with the crushing inquiry whether you dare to "wed the heaven's lightning"; and you are fain to go away as contentedly as you can to compose a new moral code for yourself. "Whatever you do," says Mr. Carlyle to his unborn Aristoi, "extinguish and

eradicate this idle habit of 'accounting for the Moral Sense.'" Any historian who attempts to draw out any clear filiation of ideas in history, to detect any order of evolution, any rhythmic series in moral conceptions, let him be for ever accursed, and his books burnt by the common hangman. As if it were not this interrogation as to the source and order of facts which gives us the control of them! Inquiry into the origin of moral sense discloses to us the means of cultivating and enlarging it. Study of the order of ideas in the past history of mankind enables us in some sort to understand the course of the present, and to prepare for the advent of a better future. Mr. Carlyle's system—his genius keeps him out of his own pit which he has dug—reduces a great study to a majestic or swaggering guess-work, which demoralizes the future of politics by overcolouring and warping the past in history. Admiration of Frederick William leads straight to chairmanship of an Eyre Defence Fund. Declining to try to account for a moral sense, denying that there is any account to be got of it, is the natural preliminary to declining to discuss actions on moral grounds. History written in this spirit will very probably be as abundant as Mr. Carlyle desires. People who believe that human reason has its uses, and that right and wrong are distinctions worth preserving in the world, can only hope that the more sober muse of philosophic history will keep pace with her flaunting and very loose-minded sister.

COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

THE appointment of Lord Belmore to the most enjoyable and almost the highest of Colonial governments has given rise to a discussion which is likely to blind and confuse impartial bystanders. It becomes, therefore, necessary to state with precision the objections which are urged against such appointments by men who are anxious to guard the interests of the Colonial service, and of the persons who have devoted their lives to it.

It is almost superfluous to premise that no objection has ever been advanced against the personal character or intellectual capacity of Lord Belmore. He is known to be free from all reproach on moral grounds, and his friends believe him to be *par negotiis* in ability. It is equally superfluous to say that those who view his appointment with regret are not influenced by any real or affected dislike to lords. Having cleared the way so far by a repudiation of all class or personal antipathies, we will proceed to point out the substantial causes of complaint which such a dispensation of patronage involves. In discussing these we ought to bear in mind that there are two parties to the question—the colonists, and the colonial officials. The colonists have a fair claim to be considered in the selection of those persons who are to exercise viceregal powers over them. A Governor-General is a most important personage. He is in a far greater degree a representative of Royalty than a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Although restrained by the forms and principles of responsible government, he does in fact exercise the functions of a sovereign. He appoints and dismisses Ministers; he is the ultimate arbitrator between contending officials and antagonist parties; and, while his political intervention is weighty, his social pre-eminence is all-important. He impresses upon the society of the Colonial capital something of a metropolitan character; he leavens a community of squatters, traders, and adventurers with the elements of European civilization and elegance. He upholds the standard of decorum, courtesy, and good breeding among the unpolished storekeepers of Australian towns. His house and his establishment are the models on which every respectable and prosperous colonist aspires to regulate his own house and establishment. These social functions are regarded as of the greatest moment by the colonists themselves. The man who discharges them, therefore, should be familiar with the customs and manners of good English society. He should, by his address and style of living, be able to command the respect of his temporary subjects. It is then not a matter for unmixed regret when a man of rank is sent to govern a prosperous colonial community. Such an appointment leaves results in the main beneficial to the society of the colony. But, while we make this admission, we deprecate the conclusion that all Governors of great colonies should be chosen exclusively or mainly for their social position in England. They who advocate this theory forget that it was once acted on, and that its general adoption led the Colonial Office into perils and difficulties from which it was only liberated by the adoption of an entirely different system. Strange as it may sound, Colonial Governors have other duties to perform beyond those of reception and entertainment, and, on the whole, more important duties. Questions do occur in colonies which demand not only a patient and courteous demeanour on the part of Governors, but also knowledge, experience, tact, discretion, and vigour. Even in a colony administered on the principles of responsible government, the experience, judgment, and political knowledge of the Governor are of singular advantage in guiding the counsels of the Cabinet. But knowledge, judgment, and experience are not the outcome of intuition. There are as few heaven-born Governors as there are heaven-born Premiers. The qualities which, in an emergency, a colony and a Colonial Ministry most need in a Governor are precisely those qualities which can only be developed in perfection by long official experience. And this is the real objection to such appointments as that of Lord Belmore. They postpone all considerations of proved aptitude for a special office to considerations which, though they are far from unin-

portant, are only of secondary importance in times of critical embarrassment or delicate negotiation.

This phase of the subject only regards the colonists. There is another which regards the colonial officials. There can be no doubt that some years ago an effort was made to give a certain degree of substance and cohesion to the Colonial service. The higher departmental officers of certain colonies were promoted to small governments; the Governors of small colonies were promoted to superior governments. It was given out, and was understood, that this principle of promotion would regulate the future management of the service generally, if not universally. Men went into the Colonial service inspired by hope and encouraged by the promise of promotion. They worked in their subordinate offices until they had earned the preferment which they sought. Then they gave up these offices, which were permanent in their nature, for governments which were only temporary; but they gave them up in the hope that the efficient administration of one government would entitle them to be rewarded by promotion to a second. And in not a few cases these hopes were realized. But if many appointments like that of Lord Belmore are made, this incentive to ambition and this reward of good service will be altogether lost. That this at least is probable, we infer not less from the known sentiments of certain official persons than from the published opinions of those who are in their confidence. It is argued that it would never do to promote a man from the very lowest ranks to the highest dignities of the Colonial service; that the promotion of the Colonial Secretary of St. Kitts to the Viceroyalty of Canada would be eminently distasteful to the Canadians themselves; and that a long residence in the colonies unfits men for acting with the calm discretion and judgment which are characteristic of English statesmanship. Those who argue thus exercise their ingenuity in fabricating for their opponents assumptions which are wholly foreign to their views. They who desire to see the Colonial service enjoy the ordinary advantages of a regular service claim for its members no special or exclusive privileges. They do not urge that a Colonial Secretary of St. Kitts or Montserrat should be promoted by mere seniority to the Viceroyalty of Canada or Australia. But they demand that, if he is not disqualified by personal habits, temper, or manners, his proved official talents should have a fair field of exhibition in some important government. It rarely indeed happens that a man of liberal education, good address, and fair connexions takes a subordinate office in a small West Indian colony. And we concede at once that no amount of mere official cleverness, unaccompanied by other mental and social qualities, should be sufficient to recommend a man for promotion to a post in which, more than in any other, he has to consult the tempers, conciliate the support, and win the respect of men who are at once conceited, touchy, and exacting. But if, as sometimes happens, a man who has passed creditably through the stages of English academical and professional life takes subordinate office in a small colony, and there exhibits qualities of a superior kind, we contend that it is either a groundless prejudice of caste or a gross love of jobbery which postpones the claims of such a man to those which are urged on behalf of patrician blood or party influence. After all, any man who has gone through the curriculum, and is imbued with the associations, of a liberal English education, ought to possess the social qualifications of a Governor, equally whether he is a peer or a commoner. What is especially required for the social functions of the office is a man with the instincts and habits of a gentleman. What is equally required for its political duties is a man trained by study and experience. Such a combination may be found beyond the narrow circle which aspires to monopolize the designation of "society." Nor is it invariably inconsistent with a long career, even in the lower grades of the service.

In questions of this kind it is always invidious to cite special instances. If this rule may ever be departed from, it is when the examples quoted are those of men who are no more. One occurs to us so apt and so illustrative of our remarks that we do not hesitate to direct attention to it. Of all the Governments which are at the disposal of the Crown, few are equal to that of Ceylon. Ceylon is a Crown colony; the island is beautiful; the climate is healthy; the position of Governor is both dignified and lucrative. Whenever a vacancy occurs, the government is sought with avidity by numerous competitors. During the Duke of Newcastle's administration of the Colonies, it became vacant; and on whom did the Duke confer it? On Sir C. McCarthy, who was then Colonial Secretary of the island. And what had Sir C. McCarthy been? He had entered the service as an officer of Customs on a miserable little salt island in the West Indies, and had remained there for years, and had been transferred thence to Ceylon, where he had worked his way up to the Secretariat, the duties of which he discharged with singular tact and success. To those who assert it to be impossible that a man who has lived long in colonies can administer a great colony discreetly, it may safely be replied that no man ever administered any colony with greater address and judgment than Sir C. McCarthy. He was eminently that which Downing Street loves—a safe man. Notwithstanding his long connexion with colonies and colonial society, he had no local prejudices, prepossessions, or antipathies. He was always cool, unimpassioned, and judicial. But he was also something more than this. Official cares and official duties had not blunted his literary tastes nor impaired his literary resources. He showed, by his conversation and by his letters, that the reading of reports and the drafting of minutes did not engross his mind or mono-

polize his time. The studies which had braced his intellect in youth continued to refresh it in later life, and the scholarship which had been his distinction formerly was now his consolation and his enjoyment. So untrue is the proposition that every man who has long plodded in colonial harness loses the tastes and the sympathies of an educated English gentleman. So untrue is it that colonial life necessarily contracts the intellect and vulgarizes the taste of those educated men who embrace it. Equally unjust, therefore, is the inference that, in order to secure thoroughly fit persons for the administration of the highest Colonial governments, it is absolutely necessary to exclude from the chance of promotion men who, like Sir C. McCarthy, have filled subordinate offices, or, like Sir E. Head and Sir H. Robinson, have held minor governments.

Indeed it seems absurd to be called on to notice the cool proposition that, unless a man is born in the purple, he is disqualified from representing the Sovereign in her colonial dependencies. That any one should venture to advance this in a country where the sons of carters and scribes have mounted to the presidency of the House of Lords, and where the privileges of spiritual Peers are recommended or defended by the lowly origin of many who have worn the mitre, is an evidence of the intrepidity which presumes on the ignorance of the multitude. That Thurlow and Sugden should have risen to browbeat or direct the Peers of England, and Colonel Colin Campbell to command Her Majesty's Indian army, are facts which we should have thought would occur to those writers who have been rash enough to enunciate this very novel principle of patronage. But whatever temerity the theorem itself may betray is clearly distanced by the testimony which is summoned to support it. When it is hinted that Mr. Eyre and Sir C. Darling blundered because they did not belong to "society" in its strictest sense, one is struck with amazement. There is an intrepidity in this remark which approaches the sublime. No one could have presumed to make it who did not reckon on the passive assent of uninquiring readers. It is always invidious to support or assail a system under the shield of a personal imputation. We have not been advocates of Mr. Eyre or of Sir C. Darling. But had we been their bitterest assailants, it never would have occurred to us to allege the birth or connexions of either as a cause of their errors. Sir C. Darling belongs to a family which has for more than half a century filled the very highest posts of Colonial administration, and is therefore more intimately identified with what is called "society" than half of the English Judges, and one-fourth of the House of Commons. Of Mr. Eyre's error it is sufficient to say that it is one which has found most vehement defenders and sympathizers in that very "society" his ignorance of which is assumed to have caused it. And, as a comment on such criticism, it is curious that the most memorable blunders of the same kind were committed by two men who—whatever their culpability or justification might be—were at any rate familiar with the highest walks of "society," and the most sacred traditions of aristocratic Whiggery.

The truth is, Colonial governments of the highest kind no more demand the exclusive services of peers and peers' sons than do the Judicial or Episcopal Bench and the command of the Indian army. If peers and peers' sons are the best fitted for them, let them get the appointments. But let them show their aptitude by running the same previous career with less favoured competitors. Until this becomes the condition of promotion, the world will fain go on thinking that the best prizes of the Colonial service furnish a convenient mode of jobbery, and that merit and proved capacity may safely be left unrewarded, not because the colonists particularly desire to be governed by the Porphyrogeniti, but because they who have borne the heat and toil of the most difficult employments are without the influence which is necessary to secure for them the promotion they have earned.

WORKING-MEN IN PARLIAMENT.

IT seems that a proposal has been seriously discussed for sending a genuine working-man to Parliament as member for Birmingham. It is apparently the result of a very natural impulse. The classes about to be enfranchised will desire to have some palpable proof of their conquest. They will be glad, by an undeniable exercise of their power, to realize the fact that they have obtained a new privilege; as a man who has acquired a right, say, to borrow books from a library, generally takes out one heavy volume, though he may never take out another. It is an earnest of their future position. And certainly there could be no more palpable symbol of democratic victory than the apparition of a concrete flesh-and-blood artisan in the place where the imaginary beings called by his name have been so eagerly debated. The successive elevations of a rail-splitter and a tailor to the highest office in the Government prove conclusively the supremacy of the democratic element in America; and if only one six hundred and fifty-eighth part of our supreme ruler is to be in future an artisan, he will be to one party as the abomination of desolation sitting where it ought not, and to another like a flag floating upon the hostile citadel. The triumph is a very fair one, and we cannot grudge to the working-men the pleasure of seeing one of their own class in the national council. Whether the experiment, if carried out, is likely to lead to any more permanent results is another and more difficult question.

There would indeed be some obvious advantages in having a certain number of genuine working-men in Parliament. One

of the most obvious would be the supplanting of the phantasm by the reality. It would no longer be possible for members to talk as though the working-man belonged to a different world from their own, and a world whose manners, customs, and prejudices could only be matter for remote conjecture. There would be a certain number of specimens present, with the usual number of legs and arms, and giving utterance, in language of questionable polish, to many very commonplace opinions. The magical haze which to most members distorts his features would disappear, and they would be revealed as those neither of an angel nor of a fiend. Indeed we may say something more than this. The knowledge which a sensible working-man could convey of the feelings of his class would be of real importance. We do not always feel certain that their sentiments are not somewhat distorted by transmission even through the members who are more specially deputed in their name. Mr. Thomas Hughes, for example, is undoubtedly very familiar with the views of the working-classes, and does his best to set them before Parliament; but they somehow come out translated into Hughesian. We hear the dialect, not of the class themselves, but of their philanthropical advisers; and we know, by many examples, how entirely the spirit of a composition may evaporate even in the most faithful translation. It is softened, expressed in terms which may bear a gentler meaning, and connected with a different set of theories. If we could get a good specimen of the class from which the genuine red-hot Trades' Unionist is formed, put him on the Parliamentary pedestal, and induce him to speak his mind freely upon various topics, we might certainly learn something from him. Part of our surprise might probably be that there was so little surprising about him; but we should also at least gain a more distinct impression of the precise mental condition which is favourable to the growth of Trades' Union sentiment. We should find out what is the circle of ideas and aspirations within which he habitually moves, and be helped to a fair appreciation of the strange mixture of good and bad elements in the character of the working-man.

The first difficulty, of course, is that, instead of the working-man, we shall probably have the demagogue who can flatter his vanity. There is no security that we shall get the genuine article, even by going to the persons who could supply it if they chose. Now we want no new information as to the character of the orators of the Reform League, for they have succeeded in furnishing us with ample means for forming a judgment as to their varied merits. Perhaps we may say that, if anything, we have heard rather too much about them, and don't want to give them an additional means of advertising. We should welcome the horny-handed artisan of popular speakers talking a sturdy idiomatic English after the fashion of Cobbett; but of sleek stump orators with an unctuous flow of second-rate eloquence, we have seen quite enough in more appropriate places. Even so, however, there are certain consolations at hand. A small infusion of such an element would perhaps not perceptibly injure the tone of an assembly which already includes some very strange specimens of senatorial wisdom; and there would be the plain advantage that they would not leave all the nonsense in high places to be talked by the upper classes. It would be demonstrated that a demagogue can make himself as ridiculous as the most orthodox of old-fashioned Tories. Perhaps too we might venture to hope that Parliament might be found to act as an efficient machinery for extinguishing some of the more offensive performers. It is possible to talk greater nonsense in Hyde Park than in the House of Commons without reaching the point at which a man confesses to himself that he is a windbag. To transfer a few stump speakers from the outside of the House to its interior might be an excellent plan for enabling themselves and the public to take their true measure. A good many reputations have collapsed before the test of serious debate upon business, and it is as well to bring the sham into the closest possible contact with the reality of which it is a base imitation.

If we suppose, for the sake of argument, that this difficulty is surmounted, and that a few undeniable specimens of the working-classes could really be introduced within the walls of Parliament, there would certainly be no reason to complain. We should all be glad to hear at first hand, and in the plainest possible language, their own statement of their own grievances, and to allow them the publicity which a seat in the House gives unrivalled means for attaining. Yet there are some reasons to doubt whether the benefits to be obtained would, in any case, be such as some enthusiasts suggest. The satisfaction which some persons express at the prospect seems to be connected with their belief in a certain theory of representation; and the chief interest of the proposal—for we can hardly imagine that it will be carried far in practice—depends upon the way in which it incidentally illustrates the theory. According to this doctrine, the ideal Parliament should be a kind of epitome of the nation. If, for example, the country were divided into six hundred and fifty-eight parties of equal strength, then every party should have one member and no more. It is a natural corollary from this that the working-men should be, to some extent at least, represented by working-men, because no other persons could so accurately reflect all their prejudices and desires. There is an apparent completeness, and almost mathematical precision, about this doctrine which strongly recommends it to some minds. And yet it does not appear at first sight that such a Parliament would necessarily produce the best legislation conceivable, or exercise a

higher influence upon the nation than the present House of Commons. We cannot, of course, attempt here to touch more than this special application of the doctrine; but the difficulties to which it is liable are equally obvious in other cases. What is the gain to the working-men of any place in sending a specimen of their own class? If Parliament were to be a kind of exhibition of all the human products of the country, of course we ought to have examples of the special manufactures of Birmingham or Manchester. This, it would be said, is the kind of animal that we turn out at a cotton-mill or an iron forge, and the public would be invited to walk round and see how they liked him. Such an exhibition is, in fact, desirable to some extent. It is, as we have said, desirable that we should know what is the tone of mind of every class in the community; and it is true, as we have also noticed, that no place can show more plainly what a man is made of than a seat in Parliament. But, after all, this is at most a secondary object in an assembly whose primary function is to make laws. The working-classes have abundant means of making their wishes known, though no one expedient taken separately may be equal to this of sending a specimen working-man to Parliament. They have newspapers, and commissions, and public meetings without end; and now that their direct influence upon elections is increased, we shall have ample means of studying their propensities. Suppose, then, that they desire the passing of some particular measure—a new law about Trades' Unions or the sale of spirituous liquors. They may elect plenty of men pledged to their own views, who have all the advantages which education and social position can give; or they may choose one of themselves, as a more accurate interpreter of their sympathies. There can be no doubt that, in the long run, the first course would be the shortest one to obtain their end; because, on the whole, influence in Parliament, like influence elsewhere, depends a good deal upon the various advantages possessed by men in the upper classes of life. When the first curiosity with which an artisan member of Parliament would be regarded had passed away, it would soon be understood that on the whole it was a better preparation for making laws to have had a good education than to have worked in a cotton-mill. On the other side, we have to reckon the advantages of special knowledge on certain details—though the area upon which the knowledge acquired in a factory could be applied would, after all, be limited—and the advantage, by no means to be underrated, which the working-classes might gain from a more accurate reflection of their minutest shades of opinion than any outsider, however desirous to please his constituents, could possibly give.

If we try to strike a balance between these opposing considerations, the result may perhaps be as follows:—For the purpose of seriously affecting legislation the working-classes ought to pursue the course which at first sight is most sensible—namely, to elect the ablest man they can find who will support their views; and such a man would, in all but some exceptional cases, be chosen from the upper classes. But we may fully admit that some subsidiary advantages would be gained by the occasional return of a man who could speak with the authority of personal experience of the more intimate feelings of his own class. We fear that the qualities which he must possess to secure permanently the necessary hearing are not often to be found, and would not invariably recommend him to the confidence of his fellows.

THE REFORM LEAGUE AND GARIBALDI.

WE must make all allowance for the Reform League. Just now Mr. Beales has lost his temper; people often lose their temper when they miss their dinner. A banquet which a man feels it to be due to his dignity to decline, and yet for which he has an appetite, does not improve his stomach; and when the stomach is offended, the moral sense suffers. Potter presiding at the Crystal Palace dinner must have been to Beales even as Haman's rival was to Haman. When he came home he called for his friends and Zeresh his wife, and told them of his glory, and how he had been advanced above the princes and servants. He said, "Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the King's gate." Even so, it was as nothing to Beales that he had brought a Walpole to tears, and had all but made London to float with blood, while Potter had taken the meat from his mouth, and gobbled up the Sydenham dainties, not without an unctuous smacking of the lips. Tuesday night's entertainment at St. James's Hall must have been but a poor compensation for the loss of Monday's dancing and kissing in the ring at the Crystal Palace. All that the Leaguers could do, if they might not eat and drink, was to talk; and so they talked with a vengeance such as hunger and anger alone could inspire. There was certainly enough to be angry about. Beales had piped his shrillest, but not a child would dance except the usual street Arabs, Mantle and Cremer, Colonel Dickson, and Mr. Merriman. Not a single M.P. would attend the Leaguers' call. Even Mr. P. A. Taylor declined; and Mr. Cossham of Bristol was obliged to people the platform with ghosts, and comforted himself with the satisfactory assurance that Cromwell and Hampden would have certainly been present had they not unfortunately been compelled to die some two hundred years ago. Mr. Bradlaugh improved upon this hint, and, coming down to fresher phantoms, suggested the pleasant memory of Orsini as sanctifying the cause, and "that spirit which the assembly had that night met to revivify"—which spirit, if

we remember rightly, that great patriot connected somehow with assassination and infernal machines.

But what was the meeting held for, and why did Mr. Beales deliver his righteous soul? To express "sympathy with Garibaldi's arrest, and indignation at his imprisonment." Unfortunately for the facts, it turns out that even if the arrest was not something of a fiction, at any rate the imprisonment certainly never took place at all. *Er hypothesi*, Garibaldi ought to have been pining in the dungeon of Alessandria; as a matter of fact, he was only playing with his goats and writing nonsense in his farm at Caprera. To do Garibaldi only justice, he has not yet uttered one word against the enormous wrong he has suffered at the hand of the tyrant. Prometheus, it is true, is chained to his island rock; but it is possible that he was not wholly an unwilling party to his own arrest. In short, even Garibaldi is not quite such a fool and a knave as the Leaguers would have him to be. At the root of all his heroism there is a single fibre of cleverness, if not of cunning; and if he did not invite, he did not resist, the solution of Sinalunga. Garibaldi's character has a strong dash of the woman's temper in it. Impetuous, excitable, incontinent of tongue and prudence, he has on this occasion displayed the coquettish art of resisting, and while resisting, inviting a pleasing violence up to the point at which it is more convenient to submit. If there was no collusion in the indignity inflicted upon the hero, long-suffering and silent endurance of wrong must be added to the gracious catalogue of the hero's virtues. Though Garibaldi is a queer sort of a Christian, he is just now displaying Christian meekness in a very edifying fashion which must be somewhat distasteful to the atheistic admirer of Orsini.

It will be objected, perhaps, that there is not even any fun in the League now. The collapse of a burst bladder is a poor joke, and, after all, Tuesday's meeting at St. James's Hall is only another tiresome repetition of a worn-out absurdity. Mr. Beales, being troubled with a vexatious incontinence of what he thinks to be speech, must go on trickling nonsense because he cannot help it. This is quite true; it is not what was said by the Leaguers, but it is the purpose which is at the bottom of their froth, which is alone worth a thought. The core of the grievance at which the St. James's Hall speakers dribble out their indignation is that the Emperor Napoleon indirectly, and the King of Italy directly, interfere with Garibaldi's sacred right to get up an insurrection as he pleases. This is a subject on which we concede to Mr. Beales and the League an undisputed, however disputable, right to form their own opinions. It is not much to the purpose that Mantle recollects the French Emperor as a special constable against an honest cause, and a haunter of the gambling-houses of Europe; nor that he with a delicate, or indelicate, sarcasm suggests that Victor Emmanuel is now recreating himself in highly moral pursuits; but though the private morality of the rulers of France and Italy are no great affair of the League, their public policy, we admit, may be. The two Kings are held to be criminals because they interfere with other people; which, as far as we understand the League, is exactly what they would have this country to do, or at any rate are doing themselves. If Paris and Florence are bound to the policy of non-interference, why should not London simply mind its own business?

But this meeting shows that the Leaguers do not intend to mind their own business. One would have thought that they had quite enough to do. A week or two ago they were all for shouting and hallooing for the passing of the Reform Bill. Within the last few days they have changed their minds; chiefly because they missed the uppermost room at the feast. It is now found out to be all a delusion and a snare, and will bring no Reform at all. Mr. Disraeli has dished the Reformers. The League has now to undo the work of last Session, to carry the Ballot, to meet the crafty dodges of the landlords, and to do at least fifty things before Parliament meets. They have plenty of hard work before them, but their energies are greater than the home field can exhaust. It is always so with the true democratic mind. Revolutionists have always found it safest to divert public attention, and they are wise enough to see that it is their best

course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrel.

Cromwell was ready to go to war with the oppressors of the slaughtered saints; and the Government which shows the most decided taste for meddling with other people is that of the United States. Whether the day is near or distant when our institutions and policy in England shall be at the mercy of such as the Leaguers, is happily doubtful; but on one point we may be satisfied—that non-interference in the affairs of the Continent, on the part of England, will, under an artisan régime, mean something more than a moral protest against the *parti prêtre* of Rome. The men who admire Orsini and regret the failure of Mazzini, Louis Blanc, and Ledru Rollin, are not very likely to keep us out of Continental politics. If it is right for Garibaldi and Colonel Chambers to foment insurrections against the temporal power, although they are not Roman citizens, it wants but one step, which the champions of nationalities have not shown themselves reluctant to take, for England or France to interfere in behalf of Poland and the Christians in Candia. By a parity of reasoning, why should not the United States, or their choice ally the Czar, have something more than a say to the Fenian struggle for the national independence of Ireland?

And if we look further at the manner of man with whom the League sympathizes, we have only to refer to the well-informed

Italian Correspondent of the *Daily News*. From this writer's account we can understand that the Garibaldians in Florence exactly reproduce the Fenians at Manchester. The Italian stiletto does the work of the Irish-American revolver; but there, as here, the patriots' most effective arms are paving-stones hurled against the police and the military. What non-intervention means at St. James's Hall we can understand by the riots at Florence, the meditated attack on Chester Castle, the rescue of Kelly, and the avowed sympathy of a London mob with the alleged murderous attack on McDonald. Nor have we quite forgotten the proceedings of the Peace Conference at Geneva. Garibaldi himself assisted at this international denunciation of all war; and not from his pacific professions he engaged in a desperate filibustering expedition, the success of which could only depend on bloodshed. He says, frankly enough, "tho' the Roman question will be settled by Italian steel, and not by the moral paths of any Ministry whatever." It was, we think, Italian steel which settled the fate of Rossi; and if Garibaldi means anything, which we are fain to hope that he seldom does, he must mean to recommend the policy of Mazzini and the practice of Orsini. Personally, we acquit him of any intention of imitating or recommending the argument used recently by Berezowski against the Russian Emperor; but his study is of Livy, and he calls upon his friends to "carry themselves back to the time of the Brutuses, and say each to himself with pride, I too am an Italian." We have hitherto assumed that there may have been a tacit, if not actual, understanding between the Italian Government and Garibaldi, and that the patriotic hero, to save his credit, was not unwilling to be relieved from an untenable position, and to be released from the obligation of a promise which it was impossible to fulfil. There is, however, a darker interpretation of which Garibaldi's last movement is susceptible. He may—and his language during his deportation is too susceptible of this interpretation—have intended to compel his own arrest in order to arouse and stimulate the popular feeling, not only in Italy but in France, to commit deeds of violence and bloodshed. If so, this means that he courted a very cheap martyrdom in order to fire the susceptible passions of his adherents, and that his object was thoroughly to compromise, and perhaps overthrow, the uncertain fabric of the Italian Kingdom. Treason of this crooked character Garibaldi is unlikely enough to have thought out, or perhaps he is incapable of quite realizing it; but he may have been a tool in the hands of worse men than himself. Anyhow he has not visited Geneva for nothing; and it is at least noticeable that the affair of Sinalunga follows so soon upon that remarkable Conference which assembled all the Jacobins and tyrannicides of Europe. Nothing could have been devised with such cunning, or by such a curious coincidence, as the arrest of Garibaldi, to force the principles of Geneva into action; and it is natural enough for the Reform League to express their sympathy, inasmuch as they sent two delegates to that very Peace Conference the only result of which has been, and most likely was intended to be, to kindle throughout Europe the flames of revolutionary excitement.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION AND GREEK NATIONALITY.

THE Cretan insurrection was supported by the Greeks with the expectation of compelling the three protecting Powers to reconsider the position of the Greek Kingdom; but the enterprise proved too great for the ability of the men who engaged in this attempt to open the Eastern question. The struggle, after being maintained with energy for a year, has ended in lassitude. The auxiliary insurrections of Thessaly and Epirus turned out to be only incursions of brigands. Among the Greek subjects of the Sultan in European Turkey, there was a complete collapse of patriotism, and in Crete the flame of the insurrection flickered as soon as volunteers, money, arms, ammunition, and provisions ceased to be poured into the island from the Greek Kingdom. The systematic campaign of Omar Pasha overpowered the enthusiasm of Greek nationality, and refuted the misrepresentations of the Hellenic press, by dividing Crete into three sections. From the fortresses of Canea and Candia he formed lines of military posts across the island to the southern sea, where his fleet formed a second base. He then drove the insurgents and volunteers first from the eastern part of the island, then from the central, and he has since shut up the insurrection in the rugged mountain district of Sphakia.

In examining the history of this revolt, it is necessary to separate the chronic evils of the Ottoman domination from the schemes which converted the demands of the discontented Christians for redress into a rebellion for union with Greece. The spirit of the times is always impelling the Orthodox subjects of the Sultan to revolt, and the ambition of the subjects of King George keeps them always ready to profit by any opportunity to attack Turkey. For the present, the success of the Ottoman arms and the concessions of the Sultan have damped the courage of the Greeks; and Russian diplomacy appears to have abandoned the expectation of using the Cretan insurrection as a key for opening the Eastern question. But the mountain districts will be able to shelter small bands of armed men, and the raids of these mountaineers into the plains will be represented by the press of Athens, and perhaps of Moscow, as a guerilla warfare carried on by suffering Christians in the cause of civilization, nationality, and orthodoxy.

Many circumstances combined to render the insurrection unsuccess-

cessful. It was soon evident that it was carried on under false colours. The earliest protest of the Cretan Assembly was marked by obvious insincerity, and indicated a reservation of pretensions which created distrust in many friends of liberty who were disposed to support a demand for local institutions. The political grounds of the insurrection were boldly stated in a petition to the Sultan, from a number of Christians, on the 26th of May, 1866, who constituted themselves into a representative assembly. This petition declared that the taxation in Crete was intolerable; that the system of farming the land-tax was vexatious; that the Sultan's Government neglected to make roads and build bridges and schoolhouses; that the manner of electing the local magistrates was defective; that oil-merchants drove hard bargains with the proprietors of olive-trees; that the administration of justice required reform; and that the Sultan's Government patronized religious intolerance. There is no doubt that there was great truth in all these allegations. But the Christians who paid more taxes than the Mussulmans escaped the conscription, which might have sent them to perform military service on the banks of the Danube or the Euphrates. The farmers of the land-tax in the Christian districts were usually Orthodox Christians. The Government of the Sultan has done more for railroads, roads, and bridges than the Government of Greece, and not less for school-houses. The trade of the oil-merchants, and the administration of justice, both by Turkish Cadi and Greek Bishops, were very likely great grievances, though the Sultan could probably do very little to remove them. And to complain of the religious intolerance of the Sublime Porte showed a singular want of candour, and a strange confidence in the ignorance of the European Cabinets to whom this petition was really addressed. The Cretans felt assured that their petition would obtain for them the direct intervention of the Powers that signed the Treaty of Paris. Their object at that time was to secure foreign protection, not union with Greece. This is evident from the mention that is made of the respect shown by the Turkish Government for the municipal privileges of one of the provinces of Crete. It is said that the canton of Sphakia "has no need of a revision of its system of taxation, for at all times it has governed itself by its own laws." It may assist those who are not familiar with the policy of Russian and Greek agitators in the East, in forming an accurate knowledge of the practical administration of justice between Greeks and Turks, to learn how the Sphakians exercised their powers of self-government. Captain Spratt, R.N., in his *Travels and Researches in Crete*, published in 1865, mentions a fertile district of Apokorona, embracing several "prettily situated villages," and adds:—

This may now be called the lowlands of the Sphakians, as they have, little by little, become possessors of considerable land within it by obliging the Mussulman population to retire to the towns and sell their lands for what they could get. For the Sphakians so worried them by stealing their cattle or their produce, and so alarmed them by continual night-raids from the mountain plains of Askypio and Kalikrati, and by wanton violence and bloodshed too, when an opportunity offered, that one by one the Mussulman peasants succumbed and retired.—Vol. ii. p. 122.

The Ottoman Government paid no attention to the petition, and Greek agents seized the opportunity of working on the minds of the Cretan Christians. A self-constituted General Assembly, on the 2nd September, 1866, decreed the union of the island of Crete with the Hellenic Kingdom. War commenced. The Ottoman Government sent forces enough to suppress the insurrection had not the insurgents received ample supplies of arms and ammunition from Greece. Numbers of able officers and non-commissioned officers from the Greek army and hundreds of enthusiastic volunteers, Greeks and Garibaldians, soon joined the cause. The military operations, from the commencement of hostilities in August, 1866, to the month of April, 1867, when Omar Pasha assumed the command of the Ottoman army, were carried on without skill or system by both Turks and Greeks. The Turks expected to weary out their enemies, and shut them up in the mountain districts, where they would be compelled to live at the expense of the Christian population; and the insurgents, under the direction of a committee at Athens, sought to prolong the war by petty skirmishes, and to secure foreign intervention by fabricating battles. The first hostilities had hardly commenced before the press was filled with accounts of murders and atrocities so numerous, and so like old stories resuscitated, that they raised distrust instead of gaining credit. The heroic self-immolation of the garrison of the monastery of Arkadion came opportunely as a proof of devotion to the cause of independence and religion.

The success of the insurrection was from the first entirely dependent on foreign intervention. It was, therefore, the chief object of those who directed it to persuade foreigners that intervention was the only means of re-establishing peace. The Christians were represented as masters of the whole island except the fortresses, and telegrams announced the destruction of one Turkish army after another. As long as the Cabinets of Europe believed that the contest would remain local, or be only a question between Greeks and Turks, they were not disposed to interfere. Public affairs nearer home alarmed most of them, and the official information transmitted from Crete persuaded them that the forces of the belligerents were tolerably equal. The Italian Consul at Canea, who was believed to be one of the persons on whose information the greatest confidence could be placed, wrote to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Florence that there were 20,000 Christians under arms (*Italian Green-book*, Canea, August 9, 1866). A gentleman resident in Crete, of English descent and connexions,

wrote shortly afterwards, "The two armies are in sight, of nearly equal numbers, about 20,000 each." The forces collected by the Christians, the spirit displayed by the Greek people, the heroic defence of the monastery of Arkadion, the daring of Greek sailors in blockade-running, the enthusiasm of Greek and Garibaldian volunteers, and the active assistance afforded by the Greek Government, made the cause popular, and persuaded many that it would prove successful. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire was forgotten, and Russia prudently remained in the background.

The abortive attempts to invade Thessaly and Epirus, and to cause troubles in Turkey from which Russia prepared to profit, the meeting of the Pan Slavonic Congress at Moscow, and the diplomatic memorandums circulated by the Russian Cabinet in the present year, awakened considerable alarm, which was not lessened by the endeavours made to persuade England that the union of Crete with Greece would secure peace, establish goodwill between Greeks and Turks, and set the Eastern question at rest. This cajolery was frequently alternated by threats, and the Greek press informed the British Government that, if it delayed assisting the Greeks, the fire lighted in Crete would become a conflagration in the Ottoman Empire which England would be unable to extinguish. Russian influence became gradually more and more evident; and if the insurrection should be continued after the late concessions of the Sultan, it will be because Russia, and not Greece, gives the word of command.

The revolt was confined to the Orthodox population in Crete, and nearly one-third of the Greeks in the island are of the Mohammedan religion. Even of the Orthodox Greeks, the greater part of those who inhabit the eastern half of the island never took an active part in the insurrection. The causes of the outbreak, and the motives which incite the Greeks to attack the Turks whenever an occasion offers, have been so often stated and misstated of late that it would be a waste of time to repeat them. Yet some notice of two great delusions of the modern Greek mind may not be uninteresting, because, though they are delusions, they are operating as incentives to revolution in the Ottoman Empire. Nationality and orthodoxy are used by the Greeks to compose the superstition which they call their "great idea." It is a political idiosyncrasy of the nineteenth century to be well furnished with great ideas. The Italians had *Italia una*, which they have realized. The Germans are advancing to accomplish their great idea of a united Germany, in which they are much assisted by the eloquence of the Emperor of the French. The French have a great idea that France has some natural frontiers, but this appears to foreigners to be almost as complete a delusion as the great idea of the modern Greeks. The Russians cannot rest satisfied with anything merely great. They must have a gigantic idea, and with Pan Slavism they propose extending the blessings of Russian despotism and the use of the Russian language from Dalmatia to Japan. The "great idea" of the modern Greeks is to revive that degraded type of the Roman Empire which is called the Byzantine Empire of the Paleologoi, and which the Turks merited the gratitude of mankind for destroying, since, unlike the Ottoman Empire, it showed itself incapable of reform. This great idea of the Greeks is to be realized by gaining possession of Constantinople, and placing the Hellenic race, as a dominant people, in the position now occupied by the Turks. It implies a strange combination of pedantry and ignorance in its votaries. The Greeks form hardly one-fifth of the population of Constantinople. According to the ethnological map of European Turkey by Lejean, and recent statistical accounts, there are upwards of seven millions of Orthodox Pan Slavonians, and only about one million Orthodox Greeks, in the Ottoman territory on the European Continent. If one million and a quarter be added as the population of the Hellenic Kingdom—of which, however, 300,000 are of the Skeptiar race—and a liberal allowance be made for the population of the islands under Turkish domination, it appears that the Hellenic race, if united under the same Government, would be less numerous than the Bulgarians, who inhabit the country up to the very walls of Constantinople. So much for the power of modern Greek nationality, which is not a very pure feeling even in the breasts of the citizens of the Hellenic Kingdom. For they appear never to feel themselves so superior to the rest of mankind as when they strut about in the snow-white petticoat, the richly-embroidered jacket, and the shaggy capote of an Albanian janissary of the time of Ali Pasha of Joannina.

Orthodoxy is quite as unsafe a foundation for the political greatness of modern Greece as the principle of nationality. The Patriarch of Constantinople (whom the vulgar consider to be the head of Orthodoxy very much as the Latins consider the Pope of Rome to be the head of Catholicism) is singularly exempt from Hellenic aspirations and all desire of change. Like the Archbishop of Canterbury, he has the greatest respect for the Sultan. Turning from the ecclesiastical to the temporal power of Orthodoxy, there can be no doubt that it is vested in the Czar of Holy Russia. The synod of the Greek Kingdom is a mere local institution, possessing neither the moral character to win temporal authority nor the theological learning required to obtain religious influence.

Modern Greek nationality is founded, not on race and blood, but on language and literature. Greek families have no genealogies; the Greeks of the purest race, until lately, had no family names; the Greek rural population have very few traditions. Greeks boast of the glories of the past, but in order to boast they look back two thousand years, and they predict national greatness in the future

to be realized by their great idea. The present is always overlooked. And indeed the present is very unlike the picture that is formed of the past, or the visions that are conjured up of the future. At this moment the ablest Greeks are in the Sultan's service, not acting as Ministers in the Hellenic Kingdom; and Orthodoxy has not established its home at Athens. Yet, if the modern Greeks would be true to themselves, they possess the means of exerting great influence in the East. It was not by the principle of nationality that Athens and Rome exercised their power in the ancient world. Nor is it the strength of nationality which gives England her high place among nations to-day. Neither nationality nor Orthodoxy will enable the Greeks to increase in numbers so rapidly as to give them the smallest hope of overthrowing the Ottoman Empire, or counterbalancing Russian influence, without some powerful aid.

The real strength of the Greeks and of the Hellenic Kingdom lies in free institutions and a well-organized system of government. Waste land in the East admits of a rapid increase of the Greek race both in Turkey and Greece. The plough, and the spirit of liberty, have already made small nations great. *Ubi libertas ibi patria* is a principle that banishes nationality, and often religious orthodoxy, from the breasts of more than 100,000 Europeans annually, and sends them across the Atlantic with the determination to leave nation, language, and traditions behind. We now see Greece and Russia in close alliance to attack the Turks, and the marriage of the King of the Hellenes with a Russian Grand Duchess will probably place the Court of Athens in dependence on the Court of St. Petersburg. But between the Greeks and the Russians there can be no permanent community of feeling. Their existence as nations places them in a condition of inherent opposition. Greeks cannot, like Bulgarians, amalgamate with Muscovites, and the despotism of Panslavism would be compelled to stifle Greek nationality if placed under its domination. The Greeks have already received a solemn warning that they must prepare their forces to resist the ambitious projects of Russia. At one of the numerous banquets given by Russian officials to the members of the Panslavonian Congress in the month of June, no toast was received with more enthusiasm than "May the flag of Holy Russia soon wave above the Church of Saint Sophia at Constantinople, and over the castles of the Dardanelles." If that day come, the Patriarch of Constantinople will be a Russian. A Slavonian patriarch once told the Greeks in the Church of Saint Sophia, in his contempt for Hellenic grammar, that his soul abhorred diphthongs and triphthongs. A Russian patriarch would probably tell them that his soul abhorred the second article of their Constitution, which says that the Church of Greece is self-governed and independent of every other Church, administering its governing rights by a Holy Synod of Bishops of the kingdom.

The abortive insurrection of the Cretans, the dishonest dealings of the Hellenic Government in its recent intercourse with foreign states, the notorious incapacity of Greek Ministers since the revolution of 1862, and the facility with which the people are made subservient to the revolutionary schemes of Russian policy, have almost extinguished Philhellenism in the West. The time has arrived when the Greeks must make their final choice between political liberty and good government as the foundations of their future progress, and their "great idea" as a means of attaining sovereign power in the East.

THE COUNTRY WORKHOUSE SCANDALS.

"WHAT great events from trivial causes spring!" If Mr. Cane, the Poor-law Inspector, had not been removed from the "home" district to the Lancashire district, and if Mr. Corbett, another Poor-law Inspector, had not been removed from the Lancashire district to the "home" district, what should we have known about the way they manage sick people in the workhouses of the North? Six or seven months ago, as is recorded in the medical journals of the period, the first-named gentleman, fired with a benevolent ardour, entered upon his new duties, and, fresh from his lately-acquired knowledge of human nature as exhibited in the persons of metropolitan guardians, inspected the establishments hitherto inspected by his predecessor, with keen eyes, or rather with a keen nose as well as keen eyes, for long-hidden abuses. In Preston, where Lancashire nature seems ever apt to effloresce in the building of superb town-halls, the elaboration of ceremonies, and the reproduction of mediæval processions, he made his first discoveries. And surprising discoveries they were, to every one at least who had imagined that there is some latent influence in the air of the country which counteracts the universal tendencies of uncriticized officialism in London. What Mr. Cane saw and what he smelt it is impossible to describe in detail in a non-medical journal. The condition of infirm patients, old or young, and from whatever disease they suffered, was simply loathsome. As a type of the general system of treatment, it is enough to say that in one ward the new inspector "saw an adult patient standing upright, without a fragment of clothing on him, whilst a pauper attendant painted him over with a brush dipped in an application for his disease." Let us add one sentence in partial or complete exoneration of the guardians in whose district these abominations were habitually practised. On receiving Mr. Cane's Report, the Chairman—we quote the printed account of the interview—"stated that they could not allow Mr. Cane to leave the room without accepting a vote of thanks for the very courteous manner in which he

had brought before them some very unpleasant truths. They were on the point of erecting a new workhouse, and meantime would do their best." For how many years the previous inspector had either not made himself acquainted with the true state of things or, knowing it, had failed to inform the guardians of what he knew, we are not in a position to state exactly. One thing is certain. The scandals existed, and, until the new inspector came, the guardians say that they knew nothing about them.

Proceeding in his tour, Mr. Cane discovered abuses flourishing in one workhouse after another, from which it is impossible not to conclude that the whole system of inspection had broken down, at least in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Salford, Barnsley, and Huddersfield were perhaps pre-eminent in the supply of the most thoroughly disgusting abuses; but almost everywhere, for some mysterious reason or other, there was more or less proof that there had been something radically wrong in the working of the Poor-law theory. At the Barnsley workhouse additional publicity was given to the chronic abominations of the place through an inquiry ordered by the Poor-Law Board touching the case of a man named Millward, whose thigh had been broken and his hip dislocated at the Oaks Colliery explosion. Men in Millward's circumstances are rarely found in workhouse infirmaries, which are filled with the miserable paupers who have neither energy nor capacity for intruding their miseries upon the public. Helpless, diseased, and penniless, there they sicken and die, and are forgotten. Hard-working and prosperous artisans, like the Oaks Colliery labourers, are either attended by their own doctors at their own homes when they fall ill or are grievously injured, or they are taken to the local hospitals, where at any rate the workhouse atrocities are unknown. But on this occasion a clean, healthy, independent man was taken into the workhouse infirmary, and expected to recover from his injuries, in a bed and in company far too nauseous to be here described. Let the imaginative reader picture to himself the state of affairs in which the patients were attended to by a nearly blind old pauper, who for want of a pair of spectacles could not see the myriad crawling abominations in the bed, and he will be able to understand (partially) the happy conditions under which the sick and the wounded have been told to get well at Barnsley. If he needs further hints, he will find ample food for speculation in the fact, admitted by the pauper nurse himself, that Millward's shirt was not changed once for five or six weeks.

Now at length, within the last few days, through the persistence of the *British Medical Journal*, an illustration of the existing system has been laid before the eyes of the miscellaneous newspaper reader. Whether or not the jaded sensibilities of that impulsive and indolent entity known as the British public will be sufficiently stirred by the exposure of the disgusting filthinesses of the Cheltenham Workhouse it is impossible to say. A second effort in the way of indignant benevolence, just after such an achievement as that of compelling Mr. Gathorne Hardy to convert the proposals of a zealous and enlightened Association into an actual law, is scarcely to be looked for just at present. The details of the life of the sick wards in the infirmary of that wealthy watering-place are, moreover, so utterly unsavoury that, even as diluted for general reading in the *Times* and other papers, they do not furnish very attractive reading for the worn or idle politician. The ammoniacal odours of the nauseous wards themselves seem to hang about the very printed details, and deter all but the most resolute of readers. As for the more zealous reformers who wish to master the facts of the case with a view to future action, they must be referred to the pages of professional publications, where we can assure them they will be abundantly instructed and astonished. The personal experience of no "Amateur Casual" will be needed to prove that Gloucestershire is on a par with Lancashire and Yorkshire, and that, until we adopt a more rational theory of the whole nature of workhouse inspection, similar abuses may be expected to be revealed in any part of the kingdom. The report of the Cheltenham case is, moreover, of special value as pointing out one material source of these uncontrolled cruelties. We are informed, through paragraphs in the daily papers, that Dr. Edward Smith has just been appointed to undertake an inquiry into the facts of the Cheltenham case; and, so far, we ought for a time to be satisfied. But the all-important feature in the statement which has led to Dr. Smith's appointment is the confession of Mr. Graves, the inspector of the district of which Cheltenham is one of the most important towns, that he knows nothing about hospitals and infirmaries, and therefore is not to be blamed in the matter. When an inspector can thus excuse himself, and imply that the inspection of workhouse infirmaries is no business of his, we are hardly surprised to learn that a Cheltenham guardian seriously maintained that it was for the health of the patients that the walls close to their beds should be so hot that a lucifer match kindled by contact alone with their surface, without the least friction. With the reasoning by which Mr. Graves arrives at so singular an interpretation of the duties of inspectorship we need not trouble ourselves. What he thinks, other inspectors of course may think also; and what is done in Cheltenham is done, not only in Lancashire, but probably in every county in the kingdom. All we have to do is to draw the obvious conclusions from these statements, and to act upon them.

These conclusions are twofold. The exposures now before the public are not the legitimate result of the ordinary working of the system of inspection. Neither at Preston, Huddersfield, Barnsley, nor Cheltenham are they due to the ordinary routine investigations of the officers appointed by the law to ensure the executions of its

intentions. So long as Mr. Corbett remained in Lancashire, we heard nothing at all about the mysteries of the provincial workhouses. It was only when Mr. Corbett was removed to London, and Mr. Cane removed to Lancashire, that we learnt how the rules of decency, charity, and honesty have been there observed. Until a wounded miner from the Oaks Colliery refused to hold his tongue, nobody knew anything about the entomological horrors of Barnsley. And we owe the Cheltenham revelations, not to the conscience-smitten inspector who candidly called the attention of the Poor-Law Board to his own unfitness for the inspection of infirmaries, but to a certain irrepressible doctor, one Mr. Fleischmann, the medical officer of the workhouse, who for more than a year had been remonstrating with the guardians in vain, and whose remonstrances have now led to his own dismissal. The first practical deduction, then, is this—that it is not any and every gentleman in want of a gentlemanly post and a gentlemanly salary who is fit for the duties of a Poor-law Inspector. There is no need for calling public attention to the names and political connexions of the present staff of inspectors. Nor is there any necessity for requiring any very rare qualifications for the general duties of the office. Energy, good sense, a kind heart, a conciliatory manner, and a strong sense of justice, are qualifications enough. But at the same time they are really not enough for the more purely medical inspection of the workhouse infirmaries. Here professional knowledge can alone be depended on. Two or three doctors, adding to the general qualifications of the non-professional inspector their own medical acquirements, ought to be charged with the work of inspection throughout the entire kingdom; and such an addition to the Poor-law expenditure as would supply them with handsome salaries would be small indeed in comparison with the value of the work they would do. In the second place, it is only too certain that we are in utter ignorance of the real state of affairs in the workhouses of the whole country. If these new exposures had come out in the ordinary course of things, we might have treated them as altogether exceptional. But now that we have seen that, but for the operation of external causes, we should have remained in the dark to this hour, it is clear that we are no longer justified in believing that the whole country workhouse system is not honeycombed with scandalous abominations. Nor is there anything in these revelations and suggestions that ought to surprise us. Is not the spirit of Bumble the spirit of all ordinary humanity when in office, and not guided by such conscientious enlightenment as is notoriously rare at all times? What is there in the social and religious tone of provincial society, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or commercial, which should lead us to expect that, unless rigidly inspected, the interior of the infirmaries of the country would always, or ordinarily, bear the light of day?

OCCUPATIONS FOR THE BLIND.

IT would be an interesting inquiry how far the cause of charity suffers by the uncertainty of those who are able to dispense it as to the ultimate result of their efforts. There was a time when benevolence was troubled by no doubts and hampered by no scruples. Human distress was multiform, and everything which aimed at relieving it was accepted as an unquestionable good. Men starved or went hungry, they were sick or feeble, they were ill-clad or ignorant. To give food or medicine, clothing or instruction, were all works of mercy; and, as such, they were to be recommended at all times, to all persons, and for all objects. By degrees people began to see that there were forms of almsgiving which only widened the leak which they were designed to close. Charity found itself face to face with pauperism, and recognised with sudden terror its own lineaments in its bastard offspring. Physical relief proved to be often the prolific source of moral degradation. Its indiscriminate distribution to those who would not, as well as to those who would, help themselves was seen to involve idleness and industry in a common approval which was naturally fatal to the more irksome alternative. A familiar result of this unpleasant enlightenment is the discredit into which street almsgiving has fallen with every one with whom charity is more than a momentary impulse. But inquiry would probably disclose other and more important instances in which a similar distrust has led to a similar abstention. And even in cases where the need is beyond question, and its recurrence not influenced by the prospect of relief, there are often other mischiefs involved which give cause for hesitation. Disease and old age are miseries in ministering to which it would seem impossible to go wrong; but in many hospitals and almshouses the machinery of patronage and election is so obviously corrupt that the suffering which gets attended to is not that which is most urgent, but that which has the most urgent friends. Canvassing takes the place of investigation, and the appeal of actual want is disregarded in deference to the clamorous solicitations of a few irrepressible young ladies.

It may be of some service, therefore, to our readers if we remind them of one among many charities to which these objections do not apply. The "Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind" does not stand alone in this exemption; on the contrary, there are many institutions which share this recommendation with it in the fullest possible measure. But this particular charity is less known than some others, and, for reasons to be stated, it yields less apparent return for the funds with which it is supplied. No class of sufferers have con-

tributed to the commonplaces of commiseration more largely than the blind. If they were as generally aided as they are universally pitied, they would rank among the most fortunate of unfortunates. That they are not so is ultimately owing to one cause. Individual kindness can do next to nothing towards directly improving their condition. A man who becomes blind in middle life—and an immense proportion of the whole number fall under this category—is absolutely unable to do anything for himself. All his previous experience goes for nothing. Henceforward he has to depend for a large part of his intercourse with the outward world upon the sense of touch, and without special training this sense will remain practically undeveloped. This is shown very conclusively by the fact that the employments which blind persons take to with most facility are hardly ever those with which they have been previously familiar. However largely a workman's proficiency in a trade may depend on manual dexterity, this dexterity has been so aided and governed by the eye that when the superintending organ is withdrawn it takes all the proficiency with it, leaving in its stead a positive inaptitude for that particular occupation. A brushmaker who loses his eyesight is rarely found making brushes afterwards. Any other of the trades for which want of sight is not a disqualification comes easier to him than the one in which he was formerly a proficient. Consequently all blind adults start from a common point of helplessness. They have to begin as children. In all of them the process of training is long and arduous, and they all require the assistance of special instructors. Without organization the relief of the blind necessarily resolves itself into the encouragement of mendicancy. A person with charitable dispositions can keep a blind man from starving by giving him food or money, but he can do no more. Dependence upon alms cannot be a stepping-stone to anything better. For a long time, therefore, those who had been blind as children held a needlessly superior position to those who had become blind in later life. There were schools for the benefit of the one; there were none for the benefit of the other. This want has now for some years been met on a small scale by the institution mentioned above. Its benefits are open, so far as its means will allow, to any blind person in the kingdom. It registers the names of all applicants, and, whenever there is a vacancy in the list of persons assisted, the register is examined, and the most deserving case selected. The successful candidate is then taken as a pupil of the Association, and allowed 12s. a week, on which to support himself during the period of training. This lasts, on an average, for two years, at the end of which time he has thoroughly mastered some trade or department of a trade. From having no resource but begging, he has come, to a certain extent, to be able to make a living by work. He is no longer a hopeless drag on relations not much better off than himself; he no longer feels given up to that terrible listlessness which is the natural accompaniment of a severance from all former occupations, and an inability to turn to any new ones. He has been provided with what is almost an additional sense, and has once more become able to take his place in the world. Among the workmen now employed by the Association there is one man who lost both sight and hearing almost at the same time. By this double blow he was wholly prostrated. Cut off from all intercourse with his fellows, he lost the faculty of speech itself. It is difficult to conceive a greater change than this man has undergone since he was first brought in contact with the Association. He is now one of the quickest and most accomplished workmen in its employ; he can read the embossed character on various systems, and write on two systems; he understands whatever is said to him on his fingers with wonderful rapidity; he has recovered his voice, and has used it to such good purpose that he has found a wife who can both hear and see him. Of course this is an extreme case, but its outlines are repeated with more or less distinctness in many others.

Hitherto we have spoken of the Association only in its educational aspect. If its operations were limited, however, to teaching, the benefit resulting from them would be but small. In certain trades a blind workman can turn out as good work as a man with sight, but in no cases can he work with the same speed. Consequently the produce of his week's labour, if sold in the market, would not be more than half, perhaps, of what an ordinary workman would make in the same time. It is obvious that in trades such as brush, or basket, or mat making, where the average level of wages is sufficiently low already, such a limitation as this is equivalent to prohibition. Half a loaf is not in the long run better than no bread where a whole loaf is the least that a man can live on. It is not enough to train a blind man to work. He must have work provided for him on exceptional terms. This end is carefully kept in view by the Association. It constitutes itself a middleman between the blind producer and the wholesale or retail purchaser; and, while it sells the goods in stock to the latter at the ordinary market price, it gives to the former the whole of the usual sale profit, as well as the usual remuneration for labour. On an average these two payments taken together amount to double the wages ordinarily given by manufacturers to their workpeople. In addition to this, the Association provides all the blind in its employ with constant work, a proceeding which sometimes leads to a very large accumulation of stock, and in consequence to a considerable drain upon the funds of the institution. Another peculiarity of the Association is that it discourages the collection of the blind in large workshops. A certain number of workmen are required at its establishment in London for the training of pupils, and the

production of such articles as require space and co-operation for their manufacture; but the rule of the Association is to give the blind work at their own homes. There are several reasons for preferring this course. The blind are naturally less capable than other people of making new friends, and consequently more disposed to cling to those they have already. This is shown by the frequent occurrence of cases in which they have chosen to take lower wages, and live at home in the country, rather than higher wages which could only be made by living in London. In this way, beside the moral benefit to the workman, the funds of the Association are benefited also, and the area of its operations proportionately extended. This result is additionally furthered by the fact that a blind workman, living in a district where he is known, has often opportunities of getting employment on his own account from the neighbours.

Of course all this treatment of workmen is wholly exceptional. It has no reference to the ordinary conditions of the labour market or to established maxims of political economy. But it must be borne in mind that the circumstances which have to be met are exceptional also. An artisan who loses his sight, whether as child or adult, must in part depend on charity for his subsequent subsistence. He cannot work at all without a long and special training; he cannot work fast enough, when trained, to hold his own with ordinary competitors. The question, therefore, is, in what way shall this charity be dispensed? Shall the man be left to beg in the streets, deprived of the restraining and humanizing influences of regular occupation; or shall he be provided with employment, which will be a source of satisfaction to himself, and at the same time enable him to defray a part at least of the cost of his maintenance? The former alternative has been largely tried. Every large town has its share of blind mendicants, and a reference to the low lodging-house keepers would show that no class of the community is, as a rule, more recklessly and hopelessly vicious. Wherever a thieves' den has a blind man for an inmate he is sure to be either the most cunning suggester, or the more useful instrument, of every kind of villany. The latter alternative has for some years been attempted by the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, and hitherto it has succeeded in whatever it has attempted. But its usefulness is necessarily in proportion to the state of its exchequer. Every fresh case which it assists is so much added to its outlay; it has so much more to pay in weekly wages, so much more in the purchase of materials with which to supply the workman. Its field of action therefore can only be extended either by the purchase of the article sold in its shop, or by direct subscriptions and donations. It rests with those who sympathize with its purpose to assist it in one of these ways.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—No. IV.

THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS NOT FRENCH.

ENGLAND.—Furniture.—The English upholstery in the Exhibition takes three phases—namely, things copied from the French, i.e. of ebony and precious materials; original furniture, such as the *soi-disant* Gothic; and the regular old style, or rather no style. Gillow shows a sideboard of ebony, with enamels and gilding; it wants more gilding in the ornaments and less in the panels. From the same exhibitor we have a little work-table with those unsatisfactory conventional leaves which are the delight of young designers, who think they have invented something new when they have only reproduced what former ages have rejected as being ugly in form and in bad taste. To these we have to add a large wardrobe in no style at all, but with an expenditure of much inlaying, and very little effect—which is the very thing to be avoided. Trollope sends an ebony cabinet with gilded and inlaid woods; the workmanship is not bad, and the design is tolerable, but too heavy. Another, all in ebony, is very much better. A great sideboard in oak displays heavy design, and is not satisfactory; the feet are very bad and massive. Jackson and Graham contribute a drawing-room sideboard, and two cabinets of ebony inlaid with thin ornaments of ivory—the ornament very much overdone; also two tables, Louis XV.; the inlaying is good, but the art horrible. Wright and Mansfield send a saloon cupboard, very large, which the label tells us is exhibited as a specimen of the English style of the eighteenth century; it is of citron wood, with gilt ornaments (marquetry sparingly used) and Wedgwood panels. Now gold looks well on any colour if the tint of that colour is properly chosen. Thus upon yellow ochre the effect is excellent, or upon light yellow, as in the Oriental work; but the citron wood has nearly the same value as the gold, and all effect is lost. Hunter has a wardrobe of no style at all. Here we find grained Hungarian ash with panels of stained maple (a sepia colour), white marquetry and panels of Wedgwood; and the whole effect is deplorable. The fact is that Wedgwood ware is not suited for furniture; the colours are too crude, especially the white, and it wants polish. The French use under similar circumstances either the imitations of Limoges enamels or a species of Wedgwood highly glazed. Holland and Son contribute a sideboard designed by an architect, in the Gothic style, only it is totally different from anything in the middle ages. Mr. Seddon began this style, more as an artistic *détaillement* than as a serious study, in the furniture exhibited in London in 1862. It was then taken up by Mr. Bevan, and now seems to be quite popular. It only shows how much easier it is to perpetrate crudities than to produce works of art. The present is a mixture of the very worst features of twelfth and thirteenth century art with a dash of the Persepolitan.

Heal and Son, as might be expected, have a bedstead of maple and gold, with hangings of the very brightest blue, quite sufficient to destroy any eye for colour that the future occupant may possess; let us hope that it is not destined for a Royal Academician. A marble top on a wash-hand-stand, on the contrary, is very good; the pattern is incised and gilded. Wertheimer has a little cabinet, with china panels, also a sideboard of steel and gilt metal—both articles, especially the former, very good, but in the taste of the last century.

Altogether, though there is nothing to complain of as regards the workmanship of the English furniture, there is great room for improvement in the design; for it is not only the British workman who wants art education, but that (often) very conceited fellow the British tradesman. It is all very well for him to say that he knows what will sell; but if a good and a bad thing at equal prices are put before his customers, in nine cases out of ten the good will be chosen in preference to the bad. Had the British tradesman been educated up to the mark, he would have been a far more formidable rival to the Frenchman than he is at present. What is wanted in his case is emphatically education—both general and art education. A few hundred pounds spent in placing the son of a tradesman in some good *atelier*—say of an artist or of an architect—either in England or in France, before his entering into business, would in all probability eventually more than repay the outlay.

England makes the best show in ceramic art, and there are objects contributed by Minton, Rose, and Copeland which quite come up to the French. None of the painted porcelain quite equals the specimens exhibited in the French department by M. Deek, for what is called "go"; still we have something national in the plates with heads of English girls, after J. Leech's well-known drawings, reproduced and exhibited by W. Goode. Here at least we have living and contemporaneous art. What would we not give for such plates could we have them from the hand which is now, alas, destined to draw no more! Minton has a charming service painted with leaves and insects, and another with little children. The latter, however, wantease and dash in the drawing. As regards the porcelain, some of the colours quite come up to the modern French, although at some distance from the old. Now colour is so much an affair of the eye that it is almost impossible to distinguish delicate gradations unless in juxtaposition. We should have liked to see a few specimens of the old Sèvres and the modern imitations placed close together. Copeland occupies a large square case with a dinner-service for the Prince of Wales; unfortunately it is not beautiful, and reminds us of the wedding-cake school of art. There is very little colour beyond a few flowers, the rest being in white and gold. The figures (white biscuit) are stiff and not well-designed, and altogether this ambitious service does the nation but little credit. Will the Tunbridge ware manufacturers never amend their ways, and will they always adhere to the atrocious combinations of colour in which they so much delight? There is a small case of this work in one corner, where it is to be hoped no Frenchman looks at it. Next to it are the stalls for the Irish bog-oak ornaments of Tank and Goggin, and very pretty many of them are; but why they should be mounted in the rude manner they are it is impossible to conceive. The Irish goldsmith must have sadly fallen off from his pre-Conquest ancestor. Messrs. Wedgwood have a large stand with majolica, china, and the ware peculiar to the house. Some of the articles have been bought by the Musée Céramique de Limoges.

Glass.—From Miller of Edinburgh we have engraved glass ornaments, well done; the figures are bad, and show want of art education, but the colour is very brilliant, and the forms generally good. Green's productions are better as regards the figure, though there is still room for improvement. Dobson has perhaps the best specimen, bought for the South Kensington Museum (150 guineas). Philips and Pearce have also a jug with good figures. Altogether our English glass is recognised by the French themselves as being very excellent. The designs and execution of the ornaments are nearly all that could be desired; the only falling-off is in the figures, where there is the usual evidence of the schoolmaster being abroad.

Gold and Silver Work.—If we go to the goldsmiths and jewellers we find but too often that art gives place to stones and metal. Philips of Cockspur Street has perhaps the best show of artistic jewellery, some of it being equal to the French. Elkington has some fine *repoussé* work in silver, to which the name of Morel-Ladevill is attached. The work is executed with great detail, although perhaps in a more sketchy manner than Fannié would have done it. We are hardly surprised to see Mr. Morrison's name attached as the buyer to two of the best specimens of Mr. Elkington's productions. We must confess that we would rather have seen an English name attached as that of the artist; still Mr. Elkington deserves credit for getting the best available talent, and for allowing the artist to sign his work. It is to be wished that his example should be followed by some of his London brethren, who might also with advantage give up the imaginary manufactories which they all claim to possess, and set up real ones instead. It is true that they would have to educate themselves a little more, but that might perhaps be to their ultimate advantage.

Hunt and Roskell, Emanuel, and the rest of the trade, have the usual amount of valuable stones, jewellery more or less good or bad, and objectionable presentation pieces of plate. In the stall of the latter gentleman is a model of a locomotive engine and tender for "punch and sugar." The tongs represent a stoker. The whole conceit is abominably vulgar, and, let us hope, made for a

railway contractor. Among numerous other objects, loudly calling for the application of art to industry, are Spiers and Sons' Oxford Cyclopaen wash-hand-stands, of which we are informed that they are the "inventors and makers."

As might be expected, South Kensington is perfectly irrepressible, its products being sown broadcast; though why it should exhibit a full-sized cast of the great Pisan pulpit, or the tomb from the Campo Santo of the same city, or the electrotype copies of the bronze gates of the Cathedral, or of Benozzo Gozzoli's painting in the Riccardi Chapel, Florence, is beyond our conception. Can the Italian department have been overcrowded, and these things have found refuge in the English saloon? Besides, what possible interest can the drawings of the South Kensington students have in an Exhibition like this, or the academy study of the Discobolus from the Lambeth School of Art? These things are only means to an end, and their proper place would have been in an annexe, not in the Building itself, which is supposed only to exhibit results.

There are two of the mosaics for South Kensington, representing Fra Angelico and Phidias; the former designed by Cope, and the latter by Poynter. Fra Angelico is executed in Minton's earthen tesserae; Phidias in the usual glass tesserae, by Harland and Fisher. Behind these are the electrotype gates, also for South Kensington, designed by Godfrey Sykes. They are very well modelled, though why they should have been done in electrotype is a puzzle. Electrotype is nothing but copper, and of course is far more liable to be injured than bronze. Of course it is cheaper than the latter metal, but such a consideration could hardly have influenced South Kensington. Around the door is the majolica alphabet also designed by the late Godfrey Sykes. Let us hope, as the South Kensington authorities have now at last got through the alphabet of art, that they will go on to the spelling. Space will not permit us to enumerate all the Roba di Kensington; suffice it to say that it is "all there," even to the prize enamels and silver-work of the Architectural Museum and Society of Arts. In fact South Kensington is *in excelsis*, if not in *extremis*.

India.—One-fourth of the space devoted to Great Britain is given up to India and our Colonies. The latter are remarkable more for their natural than for their artistic productions. The Indian articles, on the contrary, are deserving of most careful study. Almost every phase of Indian art is represented, and well represented; Bombay work, ivories, kutch-work, a wonderful set of ivory chessmen, Cashmere lacker ware, Bombay furniture, &c. Many of the examples are lent by the India Museum; also a very excellent collection of stuffs, such as kincobs and Cashmere shawls, &c. Altogether this is one of the most interesting parts of the Exhibition; although, as it is a thin slice from the outer to the inner part of the building, people are apt to overlook the greatest part, and to get into the colonies. The French have arranged their Japan and China things much better.

Mexico, Brazil, and South America.—We have here full-sized figures of Guachos on horseback, with specimens of textile fabrics; the room is prettily decorated with coats of arms and flags painted upon a gold ground.

Hawai contributes dresses made of feathers.

United States.—This is a very poor art show. There are musical instruments, and a marquetry-table exceedingly bad in colour.

Africa.—The side of this department which forms one side of the Rue d'Afrique is very prettily decorated in the Eastern style; the space recedes, and thus forms several apartments open in the front. Some of these are carpeted, and have divans all round; also Oriental furniture, and life-sized models of the costume. Others have specimens of manufactures. The stuffs are very beautiful; as also are the jewellery, armour, and earthenware. Altogether we find a very good exhibition of the products of North Africa.

China and Japan.—This narrow wedge is arranged so as to form a street, and might have served as an example to those to whose care our Indian department was entrusted; here everything can be seen at a glance, whereas in the other case you get into Great Britain on the one hand, or are hopelessly entangled in the colonies on the other. We are all now familiar with the productions of Japan; there are, however, one or two things which demand notice—namely, two small nude female figures rather better modelled than usual; these are remarkable, as the Japanese are not particularly successful with the nude. A room is occupied with two life-sized figures in armour; the walls surrounded with arms, armour, &c. In 1862 Japanese art was almost unknown; now it almost ceases to excite curiosity.

Egypt.—One side of the street is an imitation of Egyptian architecture, and the other of Turkish. The contents are materials, embroidery, pipe-handles, full-size costume figures, woodwork inlaid with mother-of-pearl filagree work, especially the native ornaments; specimens of the old inlays, and woodwork, such as we see in Cairo; black metal vessels inlaid with silver, and one or two illuminated MSS.

Turkey sends mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell furniture, perfumes, and embroidery; the silver-work is not first-rate. Also we have Beyrout work, damascene and niello work, from the provinces; ornaments made of coins, filagree-work, &c.

From the *Danubian Principalities* we have specimens of costume. **Pontifical States.**—We have here the usual mosaics, marble vases, a few pieces of furniture, goldsmith's work, a good necklace by Pascoli, jewels and enamels, shell cameos, &c.

Italy.—The façade of Italy which forms one side of the Rue

d'Italie is a very good Renaissance composition, with arabesques capitolically painted. Castellani's jewellery does not make a very large show; but there is a copy of the great necklace in the Museo Borbonico. Salviati exhibits the Mosaic Kings for Windsor Chapel, Venetian glass, small disks of glass for windows—the red very good, and the rest streaky, but not quite so much so as it ought to be. The ceramic manufacture of the Marquis Ginori is very good indeed, and equal in many respects to the French; the style is more free. The prices are much the same, and many of the articles are marked as sold. Tommasi sends filagree-glass, also woven-glass from Venice. In the same case are bonnets and dominoes of all sorts of colours, highly suggestive of carnivals and their accessories. Forte exhibits Genoa filagree ornaments. His furniture is very good; the figures capitolically carved. A piano by Marchiso of Turin is a little heavy in style, but the figures are admirable. Michieli of Venice sends a good bronze candelabrum, in the style of those of Padua, but much smaller, this being only five feet high. We have also the ivory model of the Sienna fountain by Giusti, exhibited in the Florentine Exhibition a few years ago. The Royal manufactory at Florence sends a splendid vase over two feet in diameter, of porphyry, and plenty of the usual pietra dura work. A bed with marquetry is conspicuous for bad colour, bad taste, and loud purple and yellow curtains. Ramelli of Milan exhibits a small statuette of Dante in pietra dura, very well done; the colours come out very well; it is about one foot high.

Russia.—The Russian side of the Rue de Russie has a screen of woodwork very barbaric in appearance, and touched up with the brightest colours in the hollows. Still, as these colours are used in only small portions, the effect is not so bad. Among the articles exhibited are an onyx from the Caucasus, like the Algerian onyx; goldsmiths' work and nielli, all well executed—the enamels, however, a good deal too bright; works in pietra dura in relief, dearer than Florentine; and a collection of Russian precious stones. The enamelled glass is very good. We have also porcelain from the Imperial manufactory at St. Petersburg, and a splendidly embroidered sofa from the Caucasus.

Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Portugal, and Spain.—Denmark sends ivory ornaments, inlaid with topazes and false emeralds; and an ivory horn mounted in silver gilt by Schwartz of Copenhagen. The reliefs are from the saga of Frithiof. Another horn in silver gilt is more pretentious, and not half as good. From Portugal we have good faience, and some glass with very bad colours. In Spain, Moratilla has a large silver Gothic tabernacle, ten feet high, in the style of the late Peter Nicolson.

Austria has some Champlevé enamels like those of Barbedienne. Beisigle contributes a beautiful moustache with the peculiar German foliage of the fifteenth century, very pretty and very light. Krietaier sends good castings from old orfèvrerie and ivory.

This finishes our task, for it would be next to impossible to find out the one or two good things which are buried among the mass of rubbish in the German departments. The difference between the Italians, Germans, and ourselves may be thus summed up. The Italians still work upon the glorious legacies left them by their ancestors—witness their mosaic, glass, jewellery, and furniture. The German is asleep, and manufactures lots of trash distinguished by nothing in particular as regards art. In England we are very nearly awake, but have recollections of a nightmare, and are not quite sure whether the said nightmare did not occasionally take the shape of the Brompton Boilers.

PAST RACING AT NEWMARKET.

OCTOBER is essentially the month for handicaps, those of the spring being not comparable in point of interest with those of the autumn. It is almost impossible to apportion the weights accurately in March or April, so much depending on the improvement made by horses during the winter, of which the handicapper may or may not be ignorant. The City and Suburban is apt to result either, as last year, in the assured success of an animal that has undergone an exceptionally early preparation, or, as this year, in the unlooked-for victory of a creature about whom few knew whether he was in training or not. The Great Metropolitan is falling every year into more and more deserved neglect. We have not many horses who care much about racing over a two mile and a half course; and such as there are are not likely to be ready for the exertion in March. And at Chester a short preliminary training in a circus would much improve the chances of the competitors. On the other hand, by the end of the summer horses have run into their true form. Their powers are well known. Their capabilities can be accurately estimated. Directly or indirectly, the handicapper has the line of almost every entered animal. No doubt a few are dug up every year out of some obscure hiding-places, and whether the weight put on them be too light or too heavy may be a matter of chance; but, generally speaking, these carefully concealed celebrities fail to repay the trouble that has been spent on them. In other respects, and setting aside the pardonable anxiety to favour moderate and unsuccessful horses at the expense of those who have already achieved distinction, the apportionment of the weights for the Newmarket autumn handicaps, and notably for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, seldom disappoints the expectations of those who have worked out the public running of the year. Every sort of horse has a chance, for the Great Eastern handicap

course is six furlongs on the flat, that for the October is a mile and a quarter on the flat, that for the Cambridgeshire is a mile and a quarter up hill, and that for the Cesarewitch is two miles and a quarter on the flat. Occasionally we find an animal whose tastes are catholic—Actæa, for instance, last year, who ran in all four, and was first in the Cambridgeshire, second in the October, third in the Great Eastern, and fourth in the Cesarewitch. But such cases are rare, as the generality of horses have their favourite courses, and fail to run up to their best on any other.

The handicaps decided last week were the Great Eastern and the October, and though only twelve out of the eighty-eight entered appeared for the former, so admirably were the weights adjusted that it produced one of the closest and finest finishes of the season. Six passed the judge's box so nearly abreast that the spectators were as puzzled to pick out the winner when the race was over as before it was begun. On one side of the course—a remarkably difficult one, by the way, for a judge—people were convinced that Leases was first; on the other, no one doubted about Water Cure having won. The judge, however, differed from both, and gave the race to Mistletoe, Leases not even being placed. Pericles ran well under his heavy weight, 8 st. 2 lbs., being beaten less than a length, while Bounceaway could not be expected to give 30 lbs. and a year to the winner. For the October handicap there were seventeen runners, though the number of an eighteenth, Lord Ronald, was exhibited at first, and his jockey weighed out. Lord Ronald, 5 yrs, was in the handicap at a nice racing weight of 8 st. 7 lbs. He was, moreover, in the enclosure before the race, walking about and looking in the enjoyment of excellent health; but after his number had been for a few minutes on the telegraph board it was withdrawn. Of the seventeen who were then left, Friday, 5 yrs, 7 st. 2 lbs., was much the most favourably weighted; though very often no amount of leniency can induce a cowardly horse to take advantage of the opportunity offered to him. The field altogether was of very moderate quality, King Victor being incapable of going such a distance, and Pirate Chief, Tormentor, and Moldavia being all most indifferent animals. Friday had the race in hand from the Bushes, but he showed his roguery in Abington Bottom, and tried all he could to resign the contest, but, being kept straight with some difficulty, he had such an advantage in the weights that nothing could reach him. But for his cowardice he could have won with a stone in hand. Trocadero, 3 yrs, 8 st. 2 lbs., ran a very good horse, and finished second.

Apart from handicaps, the great race of the week was for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes. Though there were only four runners, yet those four were Hermit, Hippias, Julius, and Friponnier—the winners of the Derby and Oaks, the third in the Leger, and the best miler in England. Hermit carried 7 lbs. extra for his Derby victory, but the others were subjected to no penalties. Friponnier and Hippias both looked in the most magnificent condition; Julius seemed none the better for his knocking about at Doncaster—supplemented, we understand, by another knocking about in the train on his way home; and Hermit looked neither better nor worse than when we had last seen him. Julius was the first disposed of, though the pace was bad throughout, and Hippias was the second to succumb, after looking formidable for an instant. To the astonishment of all who expected to see Friponnier give up when he touched the hill, instead of giving up he came out at the very moment that he did feel the hill, and came out to such purpose that he passed Hermit with the greatest ease and won in a canter. Not only was the course beyond the distance hitherto believed to be acceptable to Friponnier, but the hill at the end of it was regarded as sure to be fatal to him; yet it is evident that he has improved since the spring in staying, while at the same time he has retained his fine speed. But for his being light behind the saddle he would be without doubt the handsomest horse in training, and last week his coat shone like gold. It was remarked at Doncaster that Friponnier had been very lucky in winning so many races in moderate company; but after his performance last week the remark will hardly be repeated. Hermit ran gamely, as he always does, but he was outstridden at the finish, and we question whether without his 7 lbs. penalty he would have reversed his position. That Hippias's staying powers have diminished was additionally clear on the Wednesday, when she was beaten from the Ditch in by Owain Glyndwr and Trocadero. She had the race well in hand a quarter of a mile from home, but refused to try when called upon. The finish between Owain Glyndwr and Trocadero was long and severely contested, and the riding both of Fordham and Challoner was worth going a long way to see. The pair ran locked together for more than a furlong; both struggled gamely, and the Welsh horse just won by a short head. The defeat of Suffolk was the great two-year-old event of the meeting. Baron Rothschild's horse has neither grown nor improved, but, on the contrary, his legs appear to be none of the best. He will probably be another instance of a good animal sacrificed to early running. He could not give The Earl 3 lbs. over the six furlongs up the Criterion hill, but died away to nothing, appearing quite incapable of making an effort. This performance of The Earl enhances the reputation of Pace, who beat Lord Hastings's horse so cleverly at Doncaster. Glancing at the remaining two-year-old racing of the week, we may notice that Athena, who takes up the running very successfully while Lady Elizabeth is in retirement, carried off her usual share of good things, beating Tregeagle in the Hopeful Stakes, and Capitaine in the Forlorn Stakes, and walking over for a 300 Sovs. Sweepstakes in addition.

St. Ronan and Angus, the two thousand and twenty-five hundred guinea yearlings of last year's Middle Park Sale, fought for the 1,000 Sovs. Sweepstakes that was made up on the afternoon of that remarkable day. Both are moderate, and likely to remain so; but Angus is the more moderate of the two, and was consequently beaten. St. Ronan covers a good deal of ground in his stride, but has high tiring action, and will never be a stayer. Uncas, who, despite his in and out running, is a steadily improving horse, won the Twentieth Triennial Produce Stakes, beating Tregeagle and Pearlfeather. Ritualist beat King Alfred, another of Baron Rothschild's Derby horses, and a high awkward galloper. Leonie had no trouble in defeating Jenny, and a filly by King Tom out of Adeline who, if we mistake not, will distinguish herself hereafter; and the Maiden Plate on Friday was carried off by Inspiration, a fine slashing filly by Newminster, and a splendid goer, who will do no discredit to 1867, the year of fillies. Indeed the downfall of Suffolk—for we fear it is a downfall without chance of recovery—and the *début* of Inspiration, were the features of the week as regards two-year-old running. Otherwise Athena retains her pride of place as a half-miler, Leonie can compass a longer distance with ease, and the others remain in their places much as they were.

The matches were less interesting than usual, that between Julius and Challenge alone excepted. Fit and well, Julius would have made short work of his antagonist, who is very deficient in speed; and, as it was, his victory, though only accomplished by a neck, was won without difficulty. Challenge is a sound, steady, game horse, but wanting in quality, and cannot be considered above the second class. Coup d'Éclat could give Retty 5 lbs. instead of receiving them, and Lady Seaham cannot last half a mile even with Puff, although the weights are calculated to the fraction of a pound. Prince Louis ran so wretchedly at Doncaster with a third-class animal like Donaldbain, that it was but poor judgment to match him against a compact, active little horse like Demonstration. But the most surprising of all was the match between See-Saw and Clairon. The former, as we all know, is an approved performer, though feeling the effects now of a good deal of work during the past season. The latter had never run before, and nothing was known about him. There is nothing prepossessing about his appearance certainly, but he knows how to gallop, and See-Saw had no chance with him when it came to the hill. The in and out running of the colts this year is so extraordinary that we are not surprised now at seeing any reversal of public form; but it is probable that See-Saw's manifest unfitness was the cause of his defeat on this occasion. Still the colts are but moderate compared with the fillies. The solitary race for four-year-olds brought out only four runners out of sixty-three entered—a melancholy commentary on the condition of our thoroughbreds, as the distance is only two miles. Leybourne, Westwick, Strathconan, and Potomac were the four, and they finished in the order named. Potomac, however, was never in the race, and took the fourth place only because there were not five running. Strathconan showed that, though he has more than once lived through two miles, he is not in reality a stayer. The Queen's Plate over the Beacon course was left to Dalesman and Leybourne, the others, including Goodwood, being quite beaten off. Leybourne ran respectably and gamely, but Dalesman, who runs better the longer the distance is, outlived him at the finish. All showed signs of having travelled a longer journey than is customary nowadays, but still there is something in Dalesman suggestive of old times when horses ran heats over the Beacon course. It is the fashion now to call such things barbarous; we think it is more barbarous to run horses off their legs in such way that, at four years of age, nine-tenths of them are unfit to race a mile. The week was wound up by a somewhat unusual occurrence. Traviata and L'Africaine ran a double dead-heat over the T.Y.C. on the Friday. At first there were five runners, and Traviata appeared to have the best of it almost to the last stride, where the French filly got up. When the dead-heat was run off the reverse was the case. L'Africaine made play, and Traviata did not attempt to close up till within fifty yards of the chair. Thence they ran side by side, and a second dead-heat was the result. For the third time they met, and on this occasion Traviata came right away and won easily. Double dead-heats are rare, but they occurred previously this season at Salisbury, between Lady Barbara and Hue and Cry.

On the whole, the racing at the First October Meeting was fully up to the average. There was a falling-off in the matches and in the handicaps; but the race for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes made amends for much, and the two-year-old running was in every case interesting, and in one or two instances, to which we have particularly referred, highly important.

REVIEWS.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND EMPIRE.*

THE history of the Revolution of 1789 has been so often written, and from such various points of view, that it might seem difficult even for a Frenchman to throw any new light upon it. There is much, however, in the circumstances of our own day to make the first great outburst of democratic power in

* *La Révolution et l'Empire, 1789-1815. Étude d'Histoire Politique.* Par le Vicomte de Meaux. Paris: Didier et Co. 1867.

Europe a tempting subject for historical inquiry. And the annals of the First Empire, besides their intrinsic interest, offer a convenient opportunity for that indirect criticism of the Second which is alone permitted to its subjects. The Viscount of Meaux regards the French Revolution with much the same feelings which a moderate Churchman and Royalist, anxious for the reform of old institutions, but averse to their indiscriminate destruction, would entertain about the English Revolution in the time of Charles I. He insists on the existence of great abuses under the *ancien régime*, but he also insists that the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the Church were already entering on the path of reform when the flood came and swept them all away; especially he insists on the good intentions of the King. He admits that the outbreak may be traced to causes which were the slow growth of centuries, but he expressly denies that it was inevitable. The nobles were advancing towards equality, the King was for granting liberty, never was a clergy more sincerely patriotic and more truly liberal. But men wanted something more than liberty and equality. They were determined, in the words of M. de Tocqueville, "to cut their destiny in two," and place an impassable gulf between the past and the future of their national life. The faults of the old *régime* were visited on those who were honestly trying to remedy them; the anarchy and the Reign of Terror which followed were the righteous penalty of those who would accept no remedy short of revolution. The history of the movement, says our author, may be summed up in two words—"Kings cannot with impunity be omnipotent, nor peoples with impunity be ungrateful." It is the melancholy spectacle which France has presented from that day to this of a country oscillating between the license of unbridled revolution and the authority of an unlimited absolutism, that has impelled him, as he tells us in his preface, to institute a fresh inquiry into the origin of this state of things. He wishes to tread in the footsteps of Thiers and De Tocqueville, and to attempt at least to supply some sketch of the work projected by the latter, but which death prevented him from accomplishing.

Our readers will gather, from what we have said, that the author of the present volume does not write either as the panegyrist or the assailant of the Revolution. He wishes to ascertain its true position in history, and to gauge the character of its principal agents for good or for evil. He writes, on the whole, with judgment and impartiality, and displays a moderation of tone not very usual among his compatriots in dealing with matters where national sentiment or national vanity are so intimately involved. His starting point is that at the commencement of the Revolution the passion for equality was far stronger than the passion for liberty, and that the great object of desire was to reduce the two privileged classes, the nobility and the clergy, to the common level. The jealousy and fierceness of the "Third Estate," and their refusal to receive liberty at the hands of the King, was the immediate cause of the catastrophe. They had to choose between liberty and revolution, and they chose the latter. We cannot wonder when a writer with the experience of the past half century to look back upon adds, that in dispossessing the clergy they struck a blow at national independence, and that France has lost in moral energy by the extirpation of her hereditary noblesse. As regards the clergy, grave as were their shortcomings, and excessive as was their wealth and civil power, there can be little doubt that the possession of landed property, as De Tocqueville observes, made them better citizens. They were as remarkable then for their independent attitude towards the Court of Rome as they have been since for their Ultramontane subservience. And when the hour of trial came, they knew how to fall with dignity. They retired in a body from the Constituent Assembly—the last in which they ever sat by virtue of their office—when an oath was proffered to them which they could not conscientiously accept; and in the darker times which followed they preferred death to apostasy. But if we ask for the reason of this bitter antipathy against the privileged classes, we must go back some centuries in the history of France. There, as elsewhere, the Reformation indirectly increased the power of the Crown; but instead of increasing, as in England, the power of the aristocracy, through the number of old or newly ennobled families enriched with the spoils of the Church, it led to a great diminution of their influence. A large proportion of the French nobility sided for a while with the Protestant movement as a convenient means of making good their position against the Crown in the decay of feudalism. And on this account Richelieu, although he insisted both at home and abroad on a policy of toleration, put down the political Protestantism of the country with a strong hand. In no less than 3,500 of the castles which he caused to be demolished, the Reformed worship was celebrated. The power that slipped from the grasp of the nobility was transferred wholesale to the sovereign, and there was no middle-class, as in England, ready to share it with him. It is indeed remarkable, as the Viscount of Meaux points out, that the last time the States-General were assembled before 1789—namely, in 1614—they actually demanded, in the common interest of the nation, that "the authority of the King should be and should remain absolute over all his subjects." This desire was fulfilled to the letter. Absolutism culminated under Louis XIV., and survived unchallenged till the Revolution. It had not been altogether ill exercised, and there had been a constant advance of the lower classes in material prosperity. But the reins of government fell more and more, as was natural, into the hands of courtiers and parasites, and during the long reign of Louis XV. the Court lacked alike the energy and the will to govern for other than selfish ends. His successor,

with the best intentions—and Louis XVI., unlike Charles I., was thoroughly honest in his desire for reform—could neither satisfy a discontented people nor rehabilitate a Government on the verge of bankruptcy. The Viscount of Meaux seems to think that if the King had shown from the first a firmness and confidence in himself equal to his liberality, and especially if he had boldly appealed to the religious sentiment of the nation, he might have stemmed the tide. When he did make a stand at last, in refusing his consent to the proscription of the clergy who remained faithful to their consciences, his courage came too late to save his crown, though not too late to consecrate his death. But it may well be questioned if any display of energy on the part of the King could really have averted the crisis when once popular passion had been thoroughly roused. A broad distinction is sometimes attempted to be drawn between the movements of 1789 and of 1793, but, to use our author's own words, "it was not the tribunes of the Convention but of the Constituent Assembly that first instigated the people to the violation of moral and social laws;" or, as he elsewhere expresses it:—

Si l'on tient compte ici de l'exactitude et de la succession des faits, il faudra bien confesser que l'année 1789 renferme des journées qui n'auraient pas été déplacées en 1793, ou plutôt, le mal en '89 c'est l'anarchie qui aboutit en '93 à la tyrannie des scélérats.

The nobles, in losing the substance, had retained the shadow of their old feudal privileges, while they no longer discharged any duty or rendered any service to the State. They had none of the social influence of the English aristocracy. And hence the odium excited by their assumption of a barren dignity and their exemption from fiscal liabilities. And the democratic feeling which they had themselves unconsciously helped to foster by toying with Voltairianism, while Voltairianism was a fashionable luxury, broke out, on their first appearance in the Constituent Assembly, in the demand that the different orders should deliberate together. Their refusal created a breach that was never healed.

The Viscount of Meaux gives interesting sketches of some of the principal revolutionary leaders. Of La Fayette he has not much good to say. His more elaborate character of Mirabeau is not unfairly summed up in the epigrammatic remark that, of all the celebrated men of history, there is none who was so visibly hindered from being a great man by his not being a good man. We may close our notice of this portion of the book with a curious anecdote of the youth of Turgot, illustrative of the condition of the French Church:—

"Tu as tort," lui disaient ses camarades de la Sorbonne, comme il se préparait à quitter la carrière ecclésiastique après s'y être quelque temps destiné. "Tu es un cadet de Normandie, et par conséquent tu es pauvre. . . Tes parents ont du crédit. Tu es assuré d'avoir d'excellentes abbayes et d'être évêque un jour. Il sera facile à ta famille de te procurer un évêché en Bretagne, en Provence ou en Languedoc. Alors tu pourras réaliser tes beaux rêves d'administration, et sans cesser d'être homme d'Eglise tu seras homme d'Etat à ton loisir. . . Il ne tient qu'à toi de te rendre très-utile à ton pays, d'acquiescer une haute réputation et peut-être de te frayer le chemin au ministère."

"Mes chers amis," répondit Turgot, "prenez pour vous le conseil, puisque vous pouvez le suivre: pour moi, il m'est impossible de me résigner toute ma vie à porter un masque sur le visage." Et il quitta la Sorbonne. L'un de ces futurs prélats, résignés, selon Turgot leur ami, à porter le masque, devait être le trop fameux cardinal de Rohan. Un autre devint en effet ministre; ce fut le cardinal Loménie de Brienne, dont Louis XVI. disait, assure-t-on: "Il ne croit pas en Dieu." Personne ne contribua plus que ce mauvais prêtre à conduire la monarchie jusqu'à sa perte, et personne ensuite ne fut plus lâche devant la Révolution triomphante.

The general estimate given in this book of the character of Napoleon, and of the spirit and results of his policy, both foreign and domestic, appears to us perfectly just. With an eye evidently sharpened for detecting the weak points of the first Imperial *régime* by comparing as well as contrasting it with its feeble modern counterpart, the author says of the Emperor that, "ignoring alike the rights of the Christian faith and the independence of human reason, keeping the Pope in prison and gagging the philosophers, closing monasteries in the South and universities in the North, dethroning princes without liberating peoples, shaking in order to compress and oversetting the world to enslave it, he dried up all the sources of public spirit in France and turned against him all the currents of feeling in Europe." It is not often that a French writer appreciates so fairly the European coalition against France. Of the earlier coalition of Pilsnitz he speaks with moderation, while he condemns it; and he allows that, if England was the last to descend into the arena, she was also the last to quit it, and that her resistance to the Revolution was in the main disinterested, and was inspired by a popular sentiment of freedom based on tradition. Pitt was only in this instance the organ of the national feeling which he obeyed, but did not create. On the whole this is true, though it is unfortunately true also that the panic caused by the Revolution was made the excuse and occasion of many acts of arbitrary, often most cruel, injustice in England, and still more in Scotland and Ireland. The second European coalition, against the Empire, was inevitable, and therefore just. The common hatred, as our author admits, was based on a moral sentiment; for the rule of Napoleon was a standing menace to all existing Governments, and to the liberties of every nation. He was not inaptly designated *hostis humani generis*. In our author's words, he looked only on which side force could be found. The immediate result was to give to France the supremacy of the Continent, and to England the supremacy of the sea; for the French navy, which under Louis XVI. had bid fair to rival ours, was destroyed by the Revolution. This division of power was signaled by the battles of

Austerlitz and Trafalgar. Peace, while there were still other lands to conquer, was a greater impossibility to Napoleon than to Alexander. "A new Government like ours," as he said himself, distinguishing it from the hereditary monarchies, "must dazzle and astonish men; it must be the first of all, or else it will fall." And in the same sense he reprimanded Prince Joseph, after the battle of Austerlitz, for "giving a false direction to public opinion" by proclaiming rejoicings for the peace. "Peace is a word devoid of sense; it is a glorious peace we require." It was this assumed necessity of perpetual conquest, coupled with the inordinate vanity and selfishness of the despot himself, who has been truly called as barbarous as Attila and as savage as any Corsican bandit, that prompted the holocaust of half a million of men in the disastrous Russian campaign. He left them to their fate, and escaped a fugitive to Paris to tell the tale. But the patience even of the people and the soldiery whom he had dazzled and duped to their ruin was worn out at last. He confessed himself that France was made a moral desert. "The Revolution has destroyed the nobles and the clergy, and I have destroyed the Revolution"; the notion of regenerating the country he called "a chimera." We may well believe the anecdote which our author says he has heard related of Napoleon, on his way to Elba, replying to a respectful condolence on his fall:—"Ce n'est pas ma chute qui m'afflige, Monsieur, c'est d'avoir entendu crier sur ma route: *Vivent les alliés!*" It touched him on the tenderest point. For the welfare of France, indeed, he cared nothing, but he cared much to be her idol. "Il faut," as he once said to Metternich, "que je reste grand, glorieux, admiré."

There are many points of interest in this volume which we have not been able to touch upon, especially in the elaborate chapter on Napoleon's relations with the Church, which abundantly illustrates his own remark that in enslaving the Pope he had secured to him for his own ends an ecclesiastical absolutism beyond the wildest dreams of earlier Ultramontane theorists. In the eyes of De Maistre the Revolution was the work of Satan, but it is not the less certain that his wild language about Papal autocracy could hardly have been uttered, and certainly would never have been accepted, till men had witnessed the new system which for his own selfish purposes Napoleon built up on the ruins of the ancient Gallican Church. In our author's words, he established Papal "omnipotence," and the arbitrary power of the bishops over a clergy reduced to a dead level and deprived of all their canonical rights. But the chief interest of the book lies in its outspoken and honest testimony to the failure of the Revolution, and the real nature of an Empire based on the mere selfishness of an individual adventurer. At a time when 1789 is still cherished as "a glorious memory," and when the bones of the *fainéant* "Napoleon II." are being solemnly translated to St. Denis to repose with the ashes of the Bourbons, such testimony is not without its value in the mouth of an accomplished Frenchman.

THE ROMANCE OF PARTHENAY.*

THE Romance of Parthenay is in many respects the exact opposite of the Ayenbite of Inwytt. Both are translations from the French, but they are translations of very different kinds. Dan Michel, in translating from French into English, has made his translation a sort of protest against the use of French English. But the anonymous translator of the romance before us has been clearly influenced in his English style by the fact that he was following a French model. The position of the two writers was of course wholly different. The translator of the romance lived a hundred and fifty years later than the translator of the religious treatise. In the time of Dan Michel, French was still a sort of invading enemy settled in the country, which was to be subdued or won over as best might be. At the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century, French was what it is now, simply the language of a foreign country, learned, by those who learned it at all, as the language of a foreign country. The translator of that day had not to fight for his native tongue as Dan Michel had; he was therefore far more likely to fall under foreign influences. He wrote also on an utterly different subject, and for an utterly different class of readers. The result therefore is that the two works set before us the English tongue in two very different shapes and stages. The result also is that, while the philological interest of the Ayenbite is surpassing, the Romance of Parthenay has hardly any philological interest at all. One thinks far more of the story than of the language. And the story, as a story, certainly deserves more attention than Mr. Skeat seems to have given to it. It touches at once on the domain of the comparative mythologist and on that of the local historian of western France. It largely illustrates mediæval superstitions and mediæval notions of history and geography. And we may add that, strange as the tale is and antiquated as is its language, some parts of it have a real human interest, and are told with a power and pathos not undeserving of that interest. But into none of these points has Mr. Skeat gone at all fully. He does little more, in any of these aspects, than repeat a few remarks second-hand. We cannot undertake, by way of reviewing Mr. Skeat or his author, to write an essay either on the House of Lusignan or on the legend of Melusine; but we will try to throw out a few hints which those within whose province the story comes in its several aspects may perhaps make something of.

* The Romance of Parthenay, or of Lusignan; otherwise known as the Tale of Melusine. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. London: published for the Early English Text Society by N. Trübner & Co. 1866.

The main tale turns on the marriage of a man with a fairy or other mysterious female being. Usually, in tales of this kind, some compact is made; something is to be done or abstained from, some secret is to be respected, some mysterious retirement on the part of the wife is not to be inquired into by the husband, on pain of losing her, and perhaps of many misfortunes besides. But there seems also to be almost invariably some change of shape or some strange personal peculiarity, temporary or lasting, on the part of the bride. Thus we have stories of swan-maidens who lose their plumage, who can be kept only while it is kept from them, and who go away if they find it again. Then there are Irish stories of men marrying merrows or mermaids, who make them very good wives as long as a certain little green cap is kept from them; but if they get hold of it, the love of their old haunts overcomes the love of husband and children, and they plunge again into the sea to come back no more. This tale assumes a different form in the Arabian Nights, where the King of Persia marries a princess of the sea, who indeed on occasion goes down to visit her kinsfolk, but who by no means forsakes her home on land, and who hands on her amphibious powers to her son. In our present tale the compact between husband and wife is that the husband is never to see the wife on Saturday or to inquire what she does on that day. A kinsman suggests that on that day she receives a rival. The husband bores a hole—a *trou-Judas*—in the door of her room, and sees her bathing. Her upper part is still that of a woman of exquisite beauty, but her lower parts are those of a serpent. He is quite satisfied as to her chastity, and carefully keeps her secret. But one day in a fit of anger he calls her "serpent." The spell is now broken; she has to leave him, and, instead of living and dying as a Christian woman, she must now suffer pain till doomsday, while various misfortunes will fall upon the family. She will, however, still think of and watch over them and appear when any trouble is going to happen, which she does several times in her serpent form.

It will be seen that in this story there are points which connect it with various classes of stories. First of all, the form, half human, half serpent, is one that turns up in various shapes. In a great many pictures the serpent which tempted Eve is drawn with the head of a beautiful woman. Then we have Greek stories of Scylla and Echidna. Mermaids also, Sirens, merrows, though the extremity is fishy and not serpentine, would seem to be kindred women. It should be noticed, however, that, as far as Greece is concerned, all these stories seem later than Homer. His notion of Scylla and the Sirens is something quite different. The apparently kindred notion of a woman with a concealed tail is also widely spread, and is perhaps a grotesque version of the serpentine extremity. Several of these stories are to be found in Mr. Thorpe's Northern Mythology, whence some of them are quoted by Mr. Skeat. Then again, in some cases, the mysterious female person—for they seem always to be female—is of originally supernatural origin; in others she is a woman under some process of enchantments. Among the former class we have the "devil" whom a Count of Flanders married, and that demon ancestress to whose bad blood the House of Anjou attributed all their crimes and misfortunes. The Melusine of our story comes under the latter class. The woman is enchanted, and the enchantment lasts till some man rescues her by marrying her on her own terms, perhaps only by kissing her. We have the "loathly lady" in Percy's Reliques, whose husband has to choose whether she shall be fair by day or by night, and who is of course rewarded by having her fair always. Then who can forget the story and the picture of the serpent lady in Sir John Mandeville, and the knight who was, and the knight who was not, so hardy as to kiss this damsel on the mouth? Lastly, our story, in the promise of the departing wife to appear, to watch over the house and the like, at once connects itself with the ubiquitous White Lady and other stories of that kind, which do not seem to bear any other resemblance to this particular tale.

Our present story is localized in Poitou, and professes to give the origin of the castle and house of Lusignan. That house, in the legend, is founded by Raymond, nephew of the reigning Earl—our translator, according to old English custom, makes all his Counts Earls—of Poitiers, and his fairy or enchanted wife Melusine. Their adventures and those of their sons, together with the adventures of the parents and sisters of Melusine, which come in as a sort of episode, form the main staple of the tale. By far the greater part of their doings are romance of the wildest kind, but some small historical elements are mixed up in them. And these Mr. Skeat should surely have worked out more fully than by giving a well known extract from Brantôme, and a few other quotations, mainly from a single French writer, M. de la Mure, author of the History of the Dukes of Bourbon. Raymond and Melusine themselves seem to be altogether mythical personages. The house of Lusignan was not founded by a Raymond, as all the thirteen Lords and Counts of the family bore the name of Hugh. The name of his wife is also unknown among the Lusignans of France, though it is found in those branches of the family which reigned in Palestine and Cyprus. It was doubtless thence that the legend carried it back to the ancestral castle. Melusine, Melisenda, Millicent, in a dozen different spellings, is, according to Miss Yonge, a corruption of the grand Gothic Amalaswinthe or Amalasontha. But with the children of Raymond and Melusine some historical elements come in. One of them is Guy, the unlucky King of Jerusalem and afterwards of Cyprus, the most prominent member of the family in authentic history, but who, though just mentioned, is slurred over in the legend in

comparison with his brother. A brother of Guy also reigned after him in Cyprus, though his name was not Uriens, as in the legend, but Amalric or Amaury. Geoffrey Dentatus is also an historical person, or rather he is made up of two persons, father and son. Geoffrey, brother of King Guy, had a son William, surnamed "à la Grand' Dent," who burned and rebuilt the Abbey of Maillezaia. Mr. Skeat suggests that a date of 1232, given by M. de la Mare to this event, must be wrong, and ought to be earlier; that is to say, he has not realized the confusion between the two generations and the fact that the burner of Maillezaia was the nephew and not the brother of the two Kings. William died somewhere about 1250. The brother who succeeded in the lordship was not named Eudes, as in the legend, but Hugh. He was the ninth of the name, and was father of Hugh the Tenth, the Count of La Marche who was stepfather to Henry the Third, and of whom and whose children we hear rather too much in our own history.

The geography is sometimes odd. One hero is carried as far as Northumberland in search of adventures; while another goes to defend Brehaine, seemingly Bohemia, against the paynim King of Cracow or Traquo, with his army of Slavonians (Esclavons). Can the ancient capital of Poland really be meant? But the real interest of the story gathers round Melusine herself. Supernatural or enchanted being as she is, she is the really human element in the story. All the wanderings and fightings and victories of her sons are simply the sort of thing to which one is used in the Seven Champions of Christendom, Jack the Giant-Killer, the Legend of Hereward, and the like. But some of the parts which concern Melusine herself are really beautiful. The affectionate sadness with which she receives her husband after he has discovered her secret but not revealed it, and generally the whole story of her departure, are told with true pathos. The whole character indeed is well conceived from beginning to end. She is a creature of pure romance; only one is a little shocked when, at her departure, she recommends her son Horrible to be put out of the way, because of all the mischief and wickedness that he will do if he is allowed to live. Strict morality is perhaps violated, but no harm is done, when she bids Raymond, at her first meeting with him, to conceal the quite accidental share which he had in the death of his uncle the Earl. She is also authoress of the very familiar trick by which Raymond gets possession of his estate—namely, the device of cutting a bull's, or in this case a stag's, hide into narrow strips.

The tale of Melusine's own ancestry comes in, as we said, incidentally. She is the daughter of Helmas, King of Albany, and his wife Presine, one of the three sisters born at a birth, Melusine, Melior, and Palestine. With the same general sort of notion as the story of Melusine, he vows to his wife never to see her when in childbed. He breaks his vow, and his daughters shut him up for the rest of his days in an enchanted mountain. Their mother then assigns to them several penances. Melusine's we have seen already. Melior had to watch in the Sparrow Hawk Castle in Armenia, a story which may again be found in Sir John Mandeville. The knight who can watch for three nights may demand a boon of her, anything except her own person. A King of Armenia, making the forbidden demand, is plagued with great plagues. He is moreover of the race of Melusine; Melior therefore was a remote aunt, which might make the request more objectionable. The other sister, Palestine, has to watch over her father's treasures in a castle in Aragon. She is somehow confounded with the land bearing her name, as he who won the treasure was seemingly so in the Holy Land afterwards. Of course we hear of divers who try and fail, but when her nephew Geoffrey sets forth on the errand we expect to hear of his success. He is, however, cut off by death.

In short, the whole romance is a study for the comparative mythologist. It is a good illustration of the way in which the wandering stories which go about the world fix themselves upon real places and persons, till the small nucleus of historical truth is lost in the accumulated mass of legendary matter.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—FOREIGN SERIES.*

THERE is a want of uniformity in the execution of the Calendars of State Papers issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, which we have before now had occasion to notice. In no part of the series is this fault more conspicuous than in the methods adopted respectively by Mr. Lemon and Mr. Stevenson in the volumes which illustrate the Domestic and Foreign Affairs of the reign of Elizabeth. The contrast afforded in the documents published by these two editors is most striking, and it is undoubtedly desirable that public attention should be drawn to so strange an incongruity. Mr. Stevenson's volumes appear in rapid succession, at intervals of only a few months; whilst the Domestic Series of the same reign occupy Mr. Lemon about as many years to produce. His last volume came out after an interval of nearly ten years, and the next and, we suppose, concluding volume of the reign is not yet in the press. At least, it is only advertised as being in progress. It is not, however, of the slow progress of the Domestic Series that we have any right to complain; much less shall

we find fault with Mr. Stevenson for a diligence which almost strips our powers of following and reviewing him. We must be content to accept the volumes as they come. No amount of superintendence could ensure the simultaneous publication of documents which relate to the same period; but a little interference might, we think, be judiciously exercised in controlling and regulating the amount of analysis which should be deemed sufficient without occupying too much space. Mr. Lemon crams the documents of ten years of domestic history into a single volume; whilst Mr. Stevenson expands into a volume of nearly the same dimensions the history of the foreign relations of England from May 1560 to February 1561, a space of exactly ten months.

We have before now complained of Mr. Lemon's brevity; but, on the other hand, we do not altogether sympathize with Mr. Stevenson's prolixity. The latter is certainly a fault on the right side, but when we look forward to the fifty volumes of the Foreign Series which must be issued, if the work goes on at the present rate, before the reign of Elizabeth will be finished, we think we have made a case which very much resembles the solution of the problem of motion by Diogenes. *Solvitur ambulando*. That is to say, after admitting that the fuller the analysis of a State paper is the better, we are compelled, in spite of our teeth, to confess that Mr. Stevenson's epitomes are too full. In fact, Mr. Stevenson's account of a paper reaches sometimes to about half the space which the paper itself would have occupied if printed entire. For evidence of this, which is accessible to those who cannot see the originals themselves, we refer to the Queen's Answer to the Scottish Ambassadors, which occupies nearly the whole of an imperial 8vo. page (p. 436), and the copy of which, as printed by Burnet, occupies not quite two of the usual sized 8vo. pages in the new Clarendon Press edition of the *History of the Reformation*.

But this is not the only point of contrast between these two editors. Mr. Lemon turns us adrift among the Domestic Papers of the eventful years of Elizabeth's reign, and gives us no clue to guide us through their labyrinth. Mr. Stevenson, on the contrary, has given an elaborate preface to each of his three volumes, which together extend over a period not much exceeding two years. And here, again, without being in the least addicted to a *via media* view, we think the Master of the Rolls might advantageously issue an order to the effect *medio tutissimus ibis*. That exact mean, in respect of length of analysis and amount of preface, we consider Mr. Brewer has very nearly hit in his Calendars of Henry VIII.'s reign, though, if we may venture an opinion, he has rather exceeded than fallen short of it. There is indeed one very serious disadvantage to the writer of such prefaces as Mr. Stevenson's, which will be at once obvious. However accomplished he may be as an historian, he cannot know as much of the bearings of his documents as he will know in course of time as he proceeds with his work; and thus many a ray of light which would illuminate an obscure page in history is lost for want of the lens which should render the rays convergent being placed in its proper place. We omit, therefore, further notice of Mr. Stevenson's preface, which, though it reviews the events of only a few months, extends to seventy pages. We shall also forbear to comment on the documents which occupy the main part of the volume, simply remarking that they are analysed with the care and sagacity which characterize both the previously issued volumes. For the present, we confine our attention to two or three of the by-roads of history.

And first, we observe that this volume contains one, though only one, letter of Henry Bullinger, the Swiss Reformer, who exercised so powerful an influence over the bishops and others, at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, in ecclesiastical affairs. We hope this may be significant of a larger number of letters to follow during the next few years. There is one other letter from Mundt to Cecil, in which the writer refers to Swiss disturbances on matters of religion, which ought to have been added to the collection of Zurich Letters, if their editor had been aware of its existence. It must have excited the wonder of all those who have seen the archives at Zurich, that so many of the originals of those letters have disappeared. It is well known that such of Bullinger's letters as exist at Zurich are most of them copies, in his own hand, of letters which he sent to England. The disappearance of so many, perhaps, may be taken in evidence that Jewel, Parker, and others in England did not set so high a value upon them as their writer did. Still we cannot help thinking that some more will turn up in the course of Mr. Stevenson's investigations, though most of them will probably be duplicates of those published in the "Zurich Letters." Some perhaps may be new, and may also contain matters of interest, not as possessing much intrinsic value, but as throwing additional light on the connection between the English reformers and their Swiss friends and teachers. In the present instance, the letter does not relate to ecclesiastical vestments or ceremonies, but gives a piece of the history of the canton of Glaris, "which had embraced the Gospel thirty years before," which illustrates the intolerance of the Swiss, whether Catholics or Protestants. It had been agreed that, in four of the five subdivisions of the canton, altars and images might exist for those who liked them, and "the Gospel" for those who preferred that form of worship; but neither party seems to have been quite satisfied with the arrangement, and no pacification could be effected without the interference of Zurich and Berne. The letter contains, also, a piece of private scandal, which may be taken, *valde quantum*, for an illustration of the alleged connexion between Protestantism and the practice of divorce. "Burcher has repudiated his wife on account of

* *Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth, 1560-1561*. Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by Joseph Stevenson, M.A., of University College, Durham. Under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co.

adultery, and has gone abroad, but where is not known." The letter is dated November 18, 1560. Burcher consoled himself for the loss of his wife by marrying another; and we next find him in comfortable quarters "in the country, not far from London, where he preaches the Word of God faithfully, and is much beloved, and does much good. His wife has been delivered of a little girl, and is also well and hearty." This we learn from a letter from Abel to Bullinger, published among the French letters. Another letter from Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, congratulates Bullinger on the choice of his friend, and expresses the hope that Burcher may be happy in his second marriage. The same letter has another allusion which has never been explained, but which Bullinger's letter shows to refer to the divisions of the canton of Glaris above referred to. "May the Lord," says the writer, "convert or crush the five satrapies of the Philistines, who do not cease from troubling the godly." (Zurich letter ii. p. 98.) Whilst on the subject of Zurich letters, we may observe that this volume contains the account of another from Peter Martyr to Cox, Bishop of Ely, complaining that he did not get the revenues of his stall at Oxford. This also is an unpublished and hitherto unknown letter. We speak of it here, however, for the sake of pointing out another blot in Mr. Lemon's first volume of Domestic Papers. It is rightly inserted by Mr. Stevenson, because it plainly belongs to the Foreign Series; it ought not, therefore, to have been inserted in Mr. Lemon's volume. The matter is of slight importance, except as illustrating what we have been finding fault with—namely, that there is no adequate superintendence exercised over the compiling of these volumes.

There is another point which will interest most readers, upon which this volume throws just a gleam of light; it is the tragical end of the unfortunate Amy Robsart, wife of Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester. Though the allusions do not settle the question yet, such as they are, they seem to point towards Leicester's guilt; they at least show that the belief in her murder was more common than is generally known. Throckmorton, writing from Poissy to Cecil, who had informed him of her death, says that he had heard of the strange story before, and that it was the common talk of people there. "God forbid that the rumour thereof should prove true. And as an evil chance cometh not commonly alone, but is accompanied oftentimes with another as evil or worse, so I pray God that this cruel and hard hap be not the messenger of a further disaster towards our country; you can consider the rest." Throckmorton wrote on the same day to Northampton, and to Lord Robert Dudley himself. The letter to Dudley contains a few words of cold condolence on the death of his "late bed-fellow." To Northampton he is more explicit:—

One laugheth at us, another threateneth, another revileth the Queen. Some let not to say, what religion is this that a subject shall kill his wife and the Prince not only bear withal but marry with him.

He adds, that all the estimation the English had is clean gone, and the infamy is so great that his heart bleeds to think upon the slanderous bruits he hears, which, if they be not slaked, or if they prove true, their reputation is gone for ever, war follows, and utter subversion of the Queen and country. He prays that God will not suffer her to be *opprobrium hominis et abjectio plebis*. On the very same day Killigrew wrote to Throckmorton, saying, in words too strong to be quite natural:—

I cannot imagine what rumours they be you hear there, as you write so strange, unless such as were here of the death of my Lady Dudley; for that she broke her neck down a pair of stairs, which I protest unto you was done only by the hand of God, to my knowledge. But who can let men to speak and think in such cases?

Within three weeks Throckmorton wrote to Cecil the well-known letter printed in Hardwicke's State Papers, i. 121. This, and another letter, written the following day to Chamberlain, which further illustrates the agony in which the writer was lest Elizabeth should marry Dudley, complete the evidence which this volume produces on the subject of Amy Robsart's death. Of whatever nature the connexion between Elizabeth and Dudley may have been at this time, it is certain she was debating the pros and cons of a marriage with him, both now and some years afterwards. Indeed, her refusal of so many suitors could not adequately be accounted for on any other ground. The volume before us gives an epitome of two letters relating to this subject. Probably very few similar documents have found their way into the State Paper Office. In one of them, addressed to Adolph, Duke of Holstein, January 20th, 1561, she gives him a final refusal, saying that no change has taken place in her sentiments, and she must still sing the same song; but hopes he will believe none of the rumours that he hears, if they are inconsistent with her true honour and royal dignity. Mr. Stevenson has printed this letter from the draft written in Ascham's hand. The other letter contains allusions to a previous offer of marriage from Eric XIV., King of Sweden. He had lately been crowned; and though he had received an unfavourable answer through his ambassador, he had set out for England to press his suit, but stress of weather had driven him back. Nevertheless, he grudges no toil or trouble if only she will consider his proposals. He loves her better than himself. He hopes to set out next spring; meanwhile he laments his hard fate, that compels him to love one who does not reciprocate his affection. Surely no sovereign but Elizabeth would ever have consigned a letter of so entirely private a nature to the safe-keeping of the State Paper Office. Whether she vouchsafed any reply does not appear. None such has found its way into the Record Office.

We conclude with a notice of one other document, which

does not appear to have been much noticed, if at all, by historians. The failure of the attempt of Pius IV. in May, 1560, to reduce England to the Roman obedience is well known to readers of history. The ambassador who was sent on this mission was Parpalia, then Abbot of St. Salute. Mr. Stevenson has given us a full account of his letter from Brussels, written September 8th. It is not likely that under any circumstances he would have met with encouragement; but if he had intended to defeat the object of his mission he could scarcely have taken a surer course than he did. The ambassador tells the Queen he has little hopes of the result of his embassy since she has kept prisoners all the Catholic bishops and other ecclesiastics of her kingdom, more on account of having taken umbrage at this embassy (which was not to encourage the Catholics who were not likely to make any tumult), than for any other cause. Who can wonder that so high-spirited a sovereign as Elizabeth should have refused to admit the Pope's ambassador into her kingdom?

MONSIEUR DE CAMORS.*

WHATEVER accusations propriety or prudery may bring against some of our recent sensationalists, there is still an impassable gulf between English and French fiction. Beyond the Channel grave and dignified Academicians utter sentiments which seldom find open expression here except in works of a class that decent people seldom name. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* is the first of French—that is, of Continental—periodicals, and yet its later numbers have contained a story which no English review or magazine edited out of Holywell Street would have ventured to print. As a question of intellectual biography it is curious that the author of the *Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre* should be likewise the author of *Monsieur de Camors*; so sharp is the contrast between the delightful idyl which gave M. Feuilleton his high place amongst contemporary moralists and artists, and the present melodrama of suicide, selfishness, and sexual sin.

We are not going to assert that adultery should be excluded from the list of incidents lawfully admissible into romantic composition. It is, indeed, a luxury from which fictitious, like real, personages ought, under ordinary circumstances, to be able to refrain. Some of the greatest masters of the art of fiction, whether in poetry or prose, have disdained its help. Nevertheless it would be rash to say that in a novel the married women must be always necessarily chaste, and that whenever a matron is tempted the bell ought to be rung for Mr. Bowdler. Much may be said for and against the moral teaching of M. Feuilleton's new book. The hero is a fop, whose "bonnes fortunes" would have been almost too much for Gibbon's Proculus; but, by premature death and otherwise, a certain modicum of punishment is distributed to the offenders, so that the example of M. de Camors and his fair accomplices is not absolutely encouraging to Parisian youth. Still the picture of society given by M. Feuilleton can hardly fail to exercise a depraving influence over average readers. A voice, speaking with authority, which tells Frenchmen that all Frenchwomen are either willing or weak, will never cry in the wilderness, but will encourage many a young M. de Camors to try to ascertain experimentally whether anything can be refused to him who boldly attacks the virtue of his neighbour's wife. Nor does a writer offer inducements to conjugal bliss who tells Frenchwomen that it is easy to remedy the inconvenience of an old husband by the aid of a young lover, that they will only be doing like their mothers and sisters if they take the initiative of passion into their own hands, and that the pleasures of illicit love may be safely enjoyed for a season by people who are very careful to hide their amatory correspondence and lock their doors.

With M. Feuilleton as a moral teacher we shall not further interfere. He will chiefly concern us as a literary artist, and his book suggests a canon of criticism which will serve us in this matter. He says, "Il faut aimer la vérité, la voiler, mais ne pas l'énervier. L'idéal n'est lui-même que la vérité revêtue des formes de l'art." He adds, that the novelist "n'a pas le droit de calomnier son temps." M. Feuilleton is a serious writer, so we must assume that the first scene in his novel falls under the provisions of the sentence last quoted. The father of the hero returns one night to his Parisian mansion, where in the vestibule gilded flunkies await his arrival. His rooms are approached by draped arcades, furnished with severe splendour, ornamented with pictures, bronzes, ivories, and marbles; containing, in particular, an Italian cabinet, whence the Count drew a long ebony box. Having smoked his cigar, the Count passed a few moments in meditation, and proceeded to draw up a document addressed to his son, the Count Louis de Camors, then aged twenty-seven. The Count informed his heir that, finding life tiresome, he was about to profit by the power which gives man his chief superiority over brutes—the power of committing suicide. As is usual with French Counts when they blow their brains out, M. de Camors entered into a lengthy and elaborate analysis of his beliefs on the subject of matter, nature, religion, politics, and love. His classifications are worthy of Cuvier, and his epigrams remind us of M. About or M. Taine. Bileous men are demagogues, sanguine men democrats, nervous men aristocrats. Ideas are the instruments on which his son must learn to play so as to govern his fellows, and achieve the destiny recommended to him by his parent. Camors *filis* must despise

* *Monsieur de Camors*. Par Octave Feuillet, de l'Académie Française. 1867.

root up all his natural affections, sympathies, and instincts, follow the promptings of honour or self-esteem, use women for his pleasure, men for his ambition, never lose his temper, laugh little, and cry never. Above all, he must have no friends, nor marry except in obedience to some special reason, and, if he does, take care to have no children. These conditions observed, added the author of this curious testament, Camors *fils* would be adored by women and feared by men, would laugh at the blood of these and the tears of those, and finally finish in a tempest—which destiny had, to his own unspeakable disgust, been missed by Camors *père*. Having drawn up and signed this programme, the Count put a pistol to his forehead, pulled the trigger, and "fragments of brain agitated themselves upon the carpet." The seed thus sown did not fall upon stony ground. Camors *fils* had already put into practice some of the precepts thus inculcated. It would have been worth the while of Camors *père* to live another day so as to hear how his son, on that very evening, behaved in the house of an old college friend. "Les chutes des honnêtes femmes sont souvent d'une rapidité qui stupéfie," says M. Feuillet, in explanation of the facility with which the pretty Madame Lescande became the prey of a man who, having received the last proof of her love, then and there preached her a long and prosy sermon on the indecency of her conduct, winding up with a confidential hint that professional love alone deserved the name, "the behaviour of honest women being clumsy, their transports puerile, and their disorder ridiculous." So saying, Camors *fils* begged the lady's pardon, departed with his reflection, mounted a dog-cart, drawn by his trotter Fitz-Aymon par Black Prince and Anna Bell (observe the cynicism of this detail at such a moment!), and drove rapidly along the boulevards, meditating as he went whether he should turn monk, callist, or get drunk. He determined to get drunk, and entered a restaurant, where he partook of a supper à la Régence, with some boon companions of both sexes. If the conduct attributed to him on his departure from the restaurant had been imagined by an English author, French criticism would have laid its finger on the page in question as a flagrant example of ignorant and vulgar caricature. However, M. Feuillet tells us that the novelist must not calumniate his age, and M. Feuillet is an honourable man. Outside the restaurant a chiffonier was exploring a heap of filth, into which young Camors accidentally dropped a napoleon. "Ramasse-le avec tes dents," said the Count, "et je te le donne." This disgusting process, described with a detail which we do not care to reproduce, having been duly undergone, M. de Camors incites the chiffonier to slap his face, promising, in case of consent, a gratuity of five napoleons more. The chiffonier gives the patrician a violent blow, then scornfully refuses the money, saying that he is already well paid for his pains. Thereupon Camors *fils* leaves the companions of his debauch, and returns to the parental abode, where he finds his father's dead body, and the letter of advice of which a synopsis has been given above.

We have extracted these details, not because they are interesting or savoury in themselves, but because they throw a new light on the manners and customs of the French people. "Bon chien chasse de race," says the adage, and young Camors devoutly observed most of the articles of the programme imposed upon him by his affectionate father. He is akin both to Faublas and Belial, and, as we think, a more vicious personage than either. For Louvet's hero was a mere idle butterfly, who followed the bent of his passions. Belial was "gross to love vice for itself," and his thoughts were always low. But Camors *fils* was a scholar who quoted Virgil, a deputy, a man who had his flashes of conscience, his moments of remorse. For instance, when he learned that the young Madame Lescande had died of the agitation consequent on her seduction, it was doubtful whether he would behave like his father's son. But by an intellectual effort he recalled the true formula of life as laid down in the parental catechism, and stamped upon the rising weakness. The world was made of lambs and lions; he had performed his duty as lion, and destroyed his weaker comrade. Camors *fils*, we are told, had a vigorous and cultivated intelligence. We should not have suspected the fact from his talk, nor do his mere operations as a seducer strike us as belonging to the highest style of art. Besides a string of "bonnes fortunes" in Parisian society, he had two main love affairs—one of them a *fiasco*, the other a success. The *fiasco* passes in a provincial group, where for the first time in this novel we recognise the author of the *Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*. M. Feuillet knows well how to describe an old French château, with its formal ill-trimmed gardens and stately promenades, its landscape of woods, emerald fields and gliding streams, its princely polite proprietor, with his appropriate neighbours and guests. M. des Rameures is a leading landowner in the department which Camors proposes to represent in the Corps Législatif, and is much influenced by his handsome niece, a young and pious widow, whose goodwill Camors is consequently bound to secure. Camors is rather appalled at the monotonous routine of country life, and he decides to vary its gloom by seducing the handsome widow, Madame de Télec. He starts from the logical conviction that the process is desirable and feasible; only, with a want of perception curious in so accomplished a Lovelace, he strikes before the iron is thoroughly hot, and, what is worse, being run away with by the eloquence of his own declaration, takes an excursion into the region of serious sentiment. Madame de Télec listens, but keeps her counsel, and Camors forgets the essential Dantonian maxim, "de l'audace et toujours de l'audace." Next day he could not but perceive that he had been the dupe of his nervous system. He had talked like a collegian on a holiday, pouring out phrases,

promises, and oaths which had not been asked for, and which had not got him as much as a kiss in return. Then he vacillated and meditated a timely retreat, but was again recalled to the regions of passion by a note from Madame de Télec, who, in reply to his application for an interview, granted his request. His anticipations gallop apace; he is very bold and hopeful while dealing with the ideal Madame de Télec, but as he approaches her room his courage and experience fail him in a singular way. According to a custom prevailing, as we shall see, throughout this novel, it is Madame de Télec who opens fire. Amongst ordinary mortals lovers eschew windy eloquence, and, above all, woman avows her affection by silence, or by the other devices which serve female modesty instead of words. But M. Feuillet shows us that they do these things better in France. Madame de Télec takes the initiative, avows a lively affection for Camors, and yet jumps to the corollary that he must not marry her, but that he may in due time marry her daughter, a child then growing up (and behaving in most prosaic fashion) at her side. Camors is not eager to accept such subjective consolation; his passion for Madame de Télec grows warmer on the instant, and yet he throws down his hand in despair. The game was compromised, not lost, for he held the trump card—Madame de Télec had fallen in love with him. Forgetting that *le mot jamais n'est pas Français en amour*, he accepts his dismissal without more ado, stimulated perhaps by sundry sparks of reverence and remorse, which would have been as natural to a man of vulgar aims and feelings as they are out of place in his father's son.

But "l'homme s'agite, Dieu le mène." Camors was one of those rare and fortunate Mahomets to whom the mountain is always moving unasked. Just before the transactions related M. de Camors had, to his own surprise and ours, received an offer of marriage from a distant cousin, a magnificent though somewhat unsympathetic blonde, whose audacity and beauty seem to belong to the age of the Duchesse de Longueville and the Duchesse de Chevreuse. A matrimonial connexion had no charms for Camors, who nevertheless, with his usual sensibility, fell a little in love with his forward cousin. She becomes the wife of an old General, the protector and benefactor of Camors, who decides that "honour" allows him to commit any crime on the statute-book except adultery with this particular woman. As a matter of fact, it is not usual for professed libertines to be encumbered with scruples of the sort attributed to Camors. In real life the seducer is generally the "own familiar friend" of the injured husband. However, for a season May was an exemplary wife to January, spending his enormous fortune to her satisfaction, and taking her proper place as a queen of wit and fashion. M. Feuillet eschews that vile thing which modern affection has baptized with the two vile words "psychological analysis," and for this we heartily thank him. But we ought to have had some hint of the intentions of the Marquise de Campvallion, who, without any strong provocation from her cousin, begins to give herself airs of coquetry for his benefit. We want to know whether it was momentary impulse which made her give Camors the fatal and unasked kiss in her boudoir at the ball, or whether this was the deliberate preliminary of a long-cherished plan of voluntary surrender. Here Camors forgot his "honour," and made his cousin a declaration in form, on which, however, this curious amalgam of headlong passion and cool forethought asked time to deliberate. She might have escaped, but she deliberately elected to fall, and when her mind was made up she informed Camors of the fact in a fashion generally adopted ten years ago by peccant French ladies. At an evening party, Camors, the Marquise, and other guests, play at what the French call *petits jeux innocents*. Paper and pencils were distributed, and the usual questions and answers were written. The Marquise de Campvallion drove a pen into her forehead, and with her blood calmly wrote, in presence of the unsuspecting company, a document of the sort which people write in ballet when they sell their souls to the devil, "J'appartiens âme, corps, honneur et biens à mon cousin bien aimé Louis de Camors dès à présent et pour toujours. Écrit et signé du pur sang de mes veines. Charlotte de Luc d'Estrelles. 5 mars 185—." Lady Booby could hardly have done better than this, and Camors was no Joseph Andrews. But in time the old General seemed to grow suspicious, and the sinful pair decided that Camors must marry, so as to insure for him the continuance of the clean bill of health which he had hitherto enjoyed in the General's eyes. The victim chosen is of course Miss Mary, the daughter, now grown to womanhood, of Madame de Télec. She accepts the fatal tie, and her cup of misery would have been full but for the birth of a child. About this period the loves of Camors and his cousin are driven into a new groove when the General with his own eyes sees a proof of his dishonour and dies immediately. The General's death is a "purpureus pannus" which, albeit painted with great vigour, is too ghastly and too sudden for a written romance. Like the kiss in the boudoir, it is an incident that betrays the style of the playwright who, unconsciously perhaps, has in his eye the exigencies of stage effect. This remark applies also to the conversations throughout the book, which are mostly of the spasmodic, stilted, declamatory sort admissible behind the foot-lamps. The story ends with a struggle between the mistress and the wife for the possession of Camors, who is disposed to lean to the legitimate attractions of home, especially after a proposition made to him by the Devil that the angel should be put out of the way. But in a *tableau* of the ballet type in the Bois de Boulogne, the husband is suspected by his wife of meaning to murder her, and then Camors sneaks off to his mistress, of whom, however, he soon

begins to tire. He was not very anxious to go to her, and it was not too late to return to his wife; nevertheless he will not break the charm which holds him, and he dies prematurely, from a mysterious malady, apparently of the exhausted-nervous type.

This hasty outline would be unjust to the merits of M. Feuillet's romantic patchwork if it did not suggest praise besides blame. Compare *M. de Camors* with almost any recent English novel, and the result will not be favourable to our national self-love. Yet we have closed M. Feuillet's novel with a feeling that he has on this occasion fallen many degrees below the level of the *Jenne homme pauvre*, some degrees below his drama *Redemption*. The hero sets out as a man of iron, but, as the story proceeds, turns out to be a mere vulgar man of sentimental wax. The other naughty personages are not very delightful sinners. Their voluptuousness is far from fascinating, and somewhat of a sham. If adultery is to be described at all, let us have the animalism of M. Dumas fils, of M. Feydeau, and M. Arsène Houssaye. Those writers have descended with considerable effect into the cloaca departments of human passion; and if their ethics are bad, their art is at any rate good. M. Feuillet is, in his last novel, as debasing, or at least as unchaste, as his predecessors, and, though more powerful, less natural and attractive.

THE ORDINANCE OF LEVITES.*

WE know nothing of Mr. Suter, except what we can infer from his title-page and from the internal evidence contained in this remarkable publication. From the former it appears that he is the author of a work called *Moral Statistics of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, which we have the misfortune never to have read. From the latter we discover him to be a person of views of such remarkable originality that it is a pity they should not receive such publicity as we can give them. Mr. Suter might possibly find some readers who would be inclined to doubt his sanity; but, taking into account the facts that he dates from Inverness and deals in "moral statistics," we can adopt a simpler explanation. He is a rather queerer instance than usual of a large class of minds whose crotchets receive an unnatural development from being penned within provincial towns, as the livers of Strasburg geese swell in their unnatural confinement in coops. By nature he has some taste for statistics; by his nationality he has an exalted reverence for the letter of the Old Testament; he has read such miscellaneous bits of literature as have drifted to Inverness, and the result is the queer production of which we must endeavour to give some account.

Mr. Suter starts from the fact that amongst the Jews the Levites were entitled to receive tithes. This right, he proceeds to assert, has never been extinguished; and, consequently, the Levites have still a right to tithes in every nation of the world. After this trifling logical leap, he has still to surmount the difficulty arising from the fact that there are no Levites in England. But nothing is so easy as to discover their representatives. It is never hard to discover people with an excellent title to money that is going begging. The Levites, we know, were taken instead of the firstborn. Now of course the firstborn in a country would be the eldest. Moreover, Levi lived to be 137 years old, his son Kohath to be 133, and Kohath's son Amram to be 137. Now as all the Jews in the wilderness who were above 20 died before they reached the age of 60, a tribe of which the progenitors lived for these respectable periods "were fit representatives of old age." Therefore the old men of any nation are its Levites. And when we ask what is the precise limit at which a man becomes old, it is obvious that we ought to take one-twentieth of the whole population, which in the United Kingdom will, on an average, fix the age at 63. If any one doubts the propriety of this assumption, he may be convinced by reflecting that St. Paul fixed the age of 60 as that at which widows should receive the assistance of the Church; that Pythagoras calls the period from 60 to 80 old age; that in France and China liability to military service ceases at 60; that when the Spaniards arrived in Mexico they found monasteries for persons above 60; and that the English Statute of Labourers (Ed. III. cap. i.) exempts from its provisions persons above the age of 60. Under cover of this fire of authorities, Mr. Suter establishes his first proposition. It is true that there is a gap or two in his logic, to the profane mind, and that it is hard to see the relevance of some of the facts which he adduces. Still we must not be too hard upon a philosopher. From the days of Euclid, the great difficulty has always lain in satisfactorily demonstrating the first propositions of any science; and, if we begin by disputing the very axioms from which a man starts, a great many promising systems would be cut up by the roots. This point, however, once settled, Mr. Suter sails away gallantly on a new plan for regenerating England and the world. Everybody, male or female, rich or poor, who enters the oldest twentieth of the population—that is, on an average, at the age of 63—is to become a Levite, and to be entitled to tithes. Every man is then to receive an annual pension of 10*l.*, and every woman an annual pension of ten marks, or 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* This is to be in addition to every other source of income, except poor-rates, and recipients of the poor-rate may choose whether they will take the Levite's income or the poor-rate. The Jews are to have double pensions, because, amongst other reasons, there are certain well-known texts about the privileges of the Jewish race, and because

Mr. Disraeli has spoken very highly of them in *Tancred*. Aged ministers and their widows are also to have double annuities, and the cost of these arrangements is carefully estimated to amount to 12,760,000*l.* The Levites, however, are themselves to pay tithes to the priests of the sect to which they belong, which will reduce their income by 1,500,000*l.* Finally, there is to be another fund, payable to the Levites of every district at the rate of the value of half a bushel of wheat to each of the population. If this is not enough to support the poor, then a local rate may be raised by the same means as heretofore; but Mr. Suter anticipates that, when in full operation, his system will extinguish pauperism altogether. Houses in suburbs are to be built for the Levites, where they may live if they choose; and there is to be a system for dividing all the population into hundreds of families, each with a head and ten assessors, the object of which is not very clear, but which is proved to be the proper thing from the Bible, Josephus, Hume's History of England, Blackstone, the laws of China, Sir W. Temple, Lord Derby, Louis Napoleon, Dr. Chalmers, and other authorities.

We will not attempt to follow out the various inestimable results of this system. Every Levite will have a vote; they will be a "salaried and responsible body of guardians of the peace" in addition to our Volunteers—though we should have thought their age would be rather against them; and, by way of extra inducement, Mr. Suter proves that, if we like to pay for it, we may extinguish the national debt even whilst supporting Levites. We are to begin by reducing the expenses of the army and navy to 10,708,071*l.* from the present amount of more than 25,000,000*l.*, which would no doubt facilitate operations considerably. We regret, however, to say that, although this scheme was laid before Mr. Gladstone when Chancellor of the Exchequer, he contented himself with acknowledging the receipt of the paper containing it through his Secretary. It must be some consolation to an ex-Minister to reflect that, whatever the disadvantages of his present position, he is at least comparatively free from schemes about the extinction of the National Debt. Mr. Suter becomes rather wild towards the termination of his work, mixing up quotations from Crabbe about workhouses, and Sir W. Temple's remarks upon China, and a few hints about Buddhism, and quotations from Sir Josiah Child and Cobbett and McCulloch and Napoleon III., in a manner rather bewildering to the ordinary mind; but they are mostly in defence of the undeniable proposition that old age should be respected and pauperism be abolished. It would, at any rate, be unfair in a critic to allow his mind to be distracted by Mr. Suter's supererogatory eloquence from a candid consideration of his scheme.

We, indeed, have no inclination to consider his scheme candidly or in any other way, because, from certain preconceived notions, we do not believe that pauperism will be extinguished by paying everybody above 63 years of age, ten pounds per annum; but Mr. Suter is perhaps worth a little consideration himself. He is by no means so exceptional a case as may be supposed. In one sense, indeed, he may almost be taken for a type of his race. He combines with an admirable naïveté the theories that the laws of the Old Testament may be literally applied to the present state of society, and that the highest attainable ideal would be reached by the extinction of the National Debt. We are to apply Bible lessons unflinchingly, to revive Levites, or to patch up the nearest practicable approach to them, and our reward will be the conversion of the National Debt into terminable annuities. The mode by which we are to approach the millennium, and the nature of the millennium itself, are very characteristic of the country, though we do not often meet with such a grotesque approximation of Knox and Adam Smith. Scotchmen have a great reputation for keeping the Sabbath, and for turning an honest penny, but they are generally able to keep the spiritual and commercial points of view at a convenient distance from each other. In Inverness, where Mr. Suter apparently writes, it seems to be possible to read the Book of Exodus for your religion and McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary for your political economy, and to combine the two more harmoniously than is sometimes thought possible.

In another way Mr. Suter is an illustration of a phenomenon unluckily not confined to Scotland. He illustrates curiously enough the extreme slowness of the process by which the cultivation of really educated men is filtered down to the classes below them, and he gives us an almost uncomfortable sense of the extreme thinness of that veneering upon the surface of society of which we are accustomed to boast when we talk about modern civilization. Mr. Suter appears to be, in a certain sense of the words, an educated man. He can spell correctly; he can write decent grammar; he can even quote a certain number of books which are not to be found in the ordinary collections of circulating libraries, or in the green-covered volumes sold at railway stations; he can add up figures and shows a certain sort of familiarity with statistics. Moreover he is in a position to have his views published in print. And yet he talks a kind of stuff which would be more suitable to a Fifth Monarchy man than to the present generation. He is more educated than the agricultural labourers who every now and then supply the matter of short paragraphs in the newspapers by proving practically that the belief in witchcraft is not yet extinct in the country; but to all appearance he might belong to the same period of human thought as that to which a belief in witchcraft is natural. He is quite as sublimely ignorant of the course of modern opinion, and as ready to talk nonsense which should

* *The Ordinance of Levites*. By James Suter. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. 1867.

have been exploded two or three hundred years ago. And in this respect Mr. Suter is by no means alone. We are constantly meeting with pamphlets in which some gentleman shows how to square the circle, or demonstrates the absurdity of the Newtonian theory of gravitation, or proves in some other way that he moves in some little eddy of society to which the general movement of thought has not yet communicated itself. If he had read a little more, and been to a slight degree conversant with the state of opinion in the world at large, he might have been a disciple or a rival of Mr. Hare. He evidently does not possess the originality or the ingenuity of that gentleman, but he has a similar disposition to renovate society by a more or less clever manipulation of figures, and by an arbitrary innovation put forward with gallant indifference to previous political development. Unluckily he has been born to bluish unseen, and waste his sweetness on the air of Inverness. Gentlemen who desire to improve the education of the middle classes should see to it; they may guess dimly, from Mr. Suter's example, what a world of darkness remains for them to dispel. Meanwhile we may endeavour to derive one comfort from the prevailing colour of his dreams. Mr. Suter and his like talk a kind of nonsense which we are sorry to encounter outside the walls of a lunatic asylum. Still it has certain tendencies which prove that, if he knows very little about modern science, he has a considerable respect for it. If he had lived at the time at which he ought to have lived he would have introduced his scheme in a different spirit; a plan for restoring part of the Jewish polity would then have involved a bitter infusion of religious intolerance; texts would have been quoted with a view of showing that his opponents ought to be exterminated and smitten hip and thigh, instead of fragments from McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary to prove that they would be committing an economical blunder. The nonsense is pretty much what it was, but it has the advantage of resting upon a foundation of misapplied economical science, instead of a fanaticism breathing fire and flames. Whence we may hope that, if Mr. Suter's class know very little about the results of modern thought, they are at any rate prepared to receive its apostles with a certain amount of respect. Like the Westminster electors, they may know nothing about Mr. Mill's teaching, but they are not quite inaccessible to the influence of the prestige which he has acquired among thinking classes. The phraseology in which they embody their absurdities is derived at second-hand from teachers who are totally misunderstood, but who have, we may hope, some chance of gaining a hearing from them.

YOUNG AMERICA.*

IT has grown into a proverb that to have the making of a nation's ballads is the surest and most powerful way of getting at the heart and moulding the character of the people. A power hardly secondary in degree, if rather negative in kind, might with scarcely less reason be claimed for the satirist. Next to touching the chords of impulse, and kindling what there is of honour, truth, or love in the national fibre, comes the humour that touches the quick of a people's follies or extravagances, and jars with a wholesome shock upon the national self-complacency. America is a young country, and has not yet had time, it would seem, to develop to the full its inner consciousness, even to itself. To strangers, Americans are never tired of telling us, the country is a sealed book. Nor has any philosopher or moralist of its own done more than lift, so to say, a fold of the veil that hangs over the face of American thought and feeling. In our consequent obscurity we cannot but be grateful for such chance and transient light as may be lent us by indigenous satire. A native born may surely be relied on for a knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes of society. One who lives by raising a laugh must be heedful of the truth and point of his caricatures or flights of humour. A genuine loyalist may be trusted not to darken with superfluous shades the features of his nation, or to asperse with undeserved mud the idol of his countrymen's worship. It is on account of these qualifications blending in the instance before us that our curiosity is raised by the satirical sketches of New World life and manners of which we have a few specimens to give our readers.

Young America has plainly been the result of a burning desire to lay the axe to the root of sundry prominent vices and weaknesses of Transatlantic society. The author had too long been *auditor tantum*. It appears to be already some years since the call first reached him to cry aloud in the wilderness against the iniquities of the time. And the swift course of events has to some extent swept away certain of the social and political wrongs which first called forth his testimony. Of the manifold heads of the hydra it may be generally thought that slavery, Know-nothingism, and the ascendancy of Southern democrats have been summarily lopped off. But it seems to our author's mind that the snake is only scotched, not killed. The enemies of the State and of society are, he considers, but working the more dangerously and effectually in secret. The voice which he upraised early in the great struggle, in the *Burden of the South*, has accordingly found a fresh vent in another book of lamentations. His sense of his country's sorrows has too, in the meanwhile, been enhanced by the smart of personal suffering. A loyal Northerner, he enlisted early in an "obscure, humble, but he trusts useful, position in the military

service of the United States." In simpler words, we take him to mean that he did not serve as a combatant, but ministered in some way to the material, or possibly the spiritual, comforts of the Northern forces. After lying for weeks in hospital at New York, under a fearful disease brought on by the exigencies of duty, he found "his property in the hands of rebels, his occupation in his native State gone, and his family—like himself, in wretched health at the time—flying before the enemy on the prairies of the West, or Indian country, without even a blanket to cover them from the chilling vapors of the night." Worst of all, beyond the loss of his cattle, "which had greatly increased and multiplied in ten or twelve years," with his household furniture and clothing, and some rare and beautiful minerals, was the destruction of his books and manuscripts. They had been found by a Confederate Vigilance Committee to be full of treason to the South. A few only of his poems, we are not exactly told how, escaped the hands of the destroyers. "All the rest of his manuscripts were turned into cartridge papers." At the close of the war, with a small carpet-bag containing all his family possessions, these precious fragments included, he returned to New York. For a long time publishers were solicited in vain, whether it was through the dulness of the professional eye to their merits, or a wholesome fear of the strength of certain of their contents. "Editors in plenty were to be found ready to produce from their drawers, like Harper does, the rapid tomfooleries of Baptist hard shells and the like illiterate droles." But when our author pleaded hard for an examination only into the merits of his verse, and urged that many good writers are now have wanted a Mæcenas or a Longman, "a look of pity or contempt was the only rejoinder vouchsafed him." We have at length to congratulate Sennoia Rubek and the world upon having met with a more generous or a more discriminating patron. Our readers must not be led by the somewhat feminine-looking form of name into an error as to the sex of the writer. Nor yet, we suspect, will they be wholly right in setting it down as a merely unmeaning *nom de plume*. Not that we would encourage the idea, plausible as it might be thought at first sight, of seeking a clue to it through the depths of Red Indian etymology. The right interpretation, we are inclined to surmise, will be found to lurk under an anagram. And considering the very free and trenchant blows which the author proceeds to deliver at some of the most cherished prepossessions and beliefs of his countrymen, as well as the bolts he freely launches at particular persons by name, a mask of some sort might well have been thought a simple matter of prudence. We hardly know how far recent progress may have set aside Lynch law in the case of national affronts, or the use of the cowhide or the six-shooter in "difficulties" of a more private kind. Not that Sennoia Rubek is to be charged with intentional *lese majesté* towards his country, however he may lash such as he holds to be traitors to its Constitution, or an opprobrium to its good name. Against the old country, for instance, he can stand up as stoutly for equality, to say the least, in political blessings, as he does, in a remarkable passage, in respect to science. His eloquent burst is indeed qualified by an admission which to English readers will probably seem not unfairly called for, if he is to be taken as a just representative of the national style. It is *à propos* of geology that he follows the admirable Crichton in nailing up his defiance at the gates of European cultivation, thus:—

We rank in thee "no whit behind"
The oldest nations of mankind;
Or, if in aught, perhaps the style
Of Miller, Connybeare, and Lyll.

Of Sennoia Rubek's own style we may take a specimen in prose before passing to those poetical compositions in which he has given the freest scope to his powers of satire. We have always understood that personal description of an adversary was a weapon in which American writers and speakers took especial leave to exercise the freedom so characteristic of their country. Peculiarities of face, shape, or gesture are held to be fair marks enough for the shafts of the assailant's wit. The following is not a bad illustration of what can be set before the American public in this vein of sarcasm. The portrait is that of a certain B—, whose identity it is not, however, difficult to make out from direct mention of the name elsewhere. B— seems to have been a kind of Legree in his way, a slaveowner of New Orleans. Apparently it is not in romances only that nature sets her visible stamp upon the mental and moral core of her basest productions:—

He was scarcely of middle height, with a tanned, Arab-shaped face and figure. He was lank-jawed, herring-gutted—had a forehead villanous low—sandy, excrementitious hair—whitish brows—sparse, swinish lashes of the same colour, and *crust grey eyes*, between which his nose—somewhat aquiline—formed an *isthmus* of marvellous tenuity, indicating, phrenologically, "small size!"

Veneration was wanting; benevolence, inappreciable; self-esteem, inordinate; destructiveness, monstrous. His hands were freckled, bony, lean, and long-fingered. He was sparrow-legged and splay-footed (slightly so); choleric, quick spoken; inarticulate and asthmatic. Passion had the same effect upon this jabberer as fear upon others.

"Steterantque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit."

It is not, however, in private portraiture that the satirist of his country's vices can most effectually wield the rod. Nor does plain prose come up to rhyme in the sting and smart that he would throw into each stroke of the lash. In *Young America* the Comic Muse is invoked to give us a "broad view of depravity in natives and foreigners from Oregon to Maine." This picture, by a candid and patriotic hand, strikes us as furnishing a queer contrast to the Utopian sketches which we are wont to see paraded

* *Chivalry, Slavery, and Young America*. By Sennoia Rubek. New York: F. A. Brady. 1866.

before our eyes by enthusiasts for Americanizing our corrupt and effete civilization. In an episode on the state of the national drama, Sennoia Rubek sees the type and partial cause of public demoralization in the "Thespian license" which exhibits "vice unfledged," and "suggests murder" through the spectacle of Wilkes Booth's brother strutting the New York stage:—

Why marvel that our lanes and streets,
Our offices and home retreats,
Are so beset by depredators,
Cut-purses, murderers, garotters,
Seducers, swindlers, siren-cells,
Drabs, drunkards, gamblers, brothel hells,
That some apprentices and clerks,
Like vultures or voracious sharks,
To glut their appetite for pleasure,
Should each, according to his measure,
Lay hands on his employer's treasure;
Why marvel such a set of fellows
Should stage our jails and star the gallows?

Of Liquor Laws and Temperance Associations our author expresses his sentiments as "freely, fearlessly, unreservedly, and disinterestedly" as he does "of Indians, fillibusters, and the Monroe doctrine," in the teeth of the New York *Herald*, and others from whom he differs *toto calo*. "We only speak," he says, "the honest conviction of our hearts, and repeat the lessons of experience, when we make bold to assert that much of the apparent change of life in many belonging to those societies is occasioned by the substitution of *night drinking* for *open indulgence* by day in the use of intoxicating liquors." Sennoia Rubek is no more struck with the improvement in sobriety at the poll than he is with the political purity derived from universal suffrage and the ballot:—

'Tis true, that on election-day,
Pat puts his spade and shou'd away,
And trudges to record his vote,
With stammering tongue and tattered coat,
With broken head and battered nose,
And other signs of cuffs and blows;
That Teague and Donald have their fill,
And old Crapaud his wonted swill,
On great days of the feast;
And that mine vriend, our goot mynheer,
May pour a quart of horrid beer
On stomach filled with crout,
And, without fear of God or law,
With neighbor or his comely frau,
A rumpus raise or rout,
And make himself a beast!

"What do they more than others," he asks, with their "meddling, prying, knavish tricks," their "oaths and symbols vain," whose every end and aim is "place and pension, power and fame?" What are the "smellers and peepers" who eke out an ignoble living by informing against infractions of the Liquor Law, compared with the pimps and panders of the voting market, with "pelf the means and power the end?" The physical condition of the streets seems no more than a symbol of the foulness and corruption that taint the atmosphere of politics:—

As faithful watchmen keeping guard
In every town and city ward,
Our daily journals now proclaim
The burdens of a grievous shame,
Of seething filth and festering stews,
In cellar-tenements and news;
And garbage, slush, and foul disease,
And all the steams and stench of vice,
Of bone-house caldrons, putrid flesh,
And heaps of decomposing fish;
Of cess-pools, shambles, tanneries,
Pest-houses, hells, infirmaries,
And want, and poverty, and woe,
And all the ills that overflow,
To taint the air and choke the breath,
Like poison from a den of death.

There is something in this hearty and downright mode of hitting the blots in his country's condition that enlists our sympathies with the writer. "Nolus volus," if we may speak in what he himself tells us is known as "General Taylor's Latin," we put up with a good deal of violence to our old-fashioned laws of prosody and accidence, as well as to the conventional reticence of Old World humour, for the sake of the outspoken and truly national spirit which breathes through his utterances. To American ears there may be nothing very shocking in such rhymes as "columns" and "volumes," "currish" and "Irish," "Horizon" in the far West may pair unexceptionally with "course to run." In the home of freedom it would be out of place to insist upon a slavish uniformity in sounding any particular word. Thus, if any ear is startled at coming upon "New Orleans" in company with "peans," there is the choice of at least one alternative usage to be had. "I like *beans*," said a prating little lawyer once to Sennoia Rubek, "because," he added, "they rhyme with 'Orleans.'" This, which our author condemns as a corrupt pronunciation, is, he complains, not uncommon "even in the South." Where indeed, we may ask, are we to look for the true standard of American diction? With what claims to be the ruling section in such matters, a first principle would appear to be a simple defiance of the Mother-country. The Monroe doctrine seems to extend itself even to the canons of prosody. There is no chance for the poet who does not begin by declaring himself a veritable Know-nothing in the laws of verse. When, for instance, our author had made "clever" rhyme with "fever," "Do you mean *English* clever or *American* clever?" shouted a critic in his ear as he uttered that word. It is not of course for us to judge

between him and his noisy critic in what may involve a national principle no less than a question of taste. Nor do we feel qualified to judge between him and his countrymen as to the justice of the chastisement he so unsparingly lays upon them. If, as he remarks, they are rightly held to be "more thin-skinned than any other civilized people," the lashes of his satire may act as a salutary corrective of national faults. Above all other causes of the "peculiarities and eccentricities, the vaporing conceit and extravagance" which he deplures, he is doubtless right in fixing on the national ignorance and contempt as regards all things non-American. Travel, and increasing familiarity with European standards of taste, he insists upon as the best remedies for what is thus narrow, blind, and egotistic in the American character. And in his crusade against this most pernicious form of Know-nothingism we cordially wish him success.

MARGARET'S ENGAGEMENT.

IT is sometimes difficult to know how to treat a beginner's work. Between the wish to bear gently on the shortcomings of a first effort, and the dislike one naturally has for imperfection, it is hard to be at once tender and just, sufficiently heartening towards the good, while duly rigorous towards the bad. Fortunately for the unlucky critic distracted between pity and conscience, there is some work so decided in its character as to leave no margin of doubt how it is to be treated. It is good, or it is bad; and the reviewer has only to amplify the adjective into an article, and to show cause for it. He can neither modify his censure nor weaken his praise unless he gives himself no end of useless trouble, and sets aside all question of truth. Now *Margaret's Engagement* is one of these comfortable first essays which require no nice adjustment of the balance, and no tender weighing of merits against blemishes; carrying as it does its stamp as plainly as if it were marked with the broad arrow, and not giving room for two opinions as to what that stamp means.

It is the story of a rather incomprehensible girl, by name Margaret Fielding, whose great pride is to show herself as hard and heartless and critical and unloving as it is possible for a girl to be, and who does not seem to possess one womanly quality from first to last, nor any claim to love save her beauty. This is of the type at present so fashionable both in drawing-rooms and novels. She is tall and pale, and has a "coronal" of crisply waved reddish-brown hair "of that peculiar hue you see in winter on a hill side covered with bracken, when, and only when, a sudden flush of wintry sunshine brightens it into russet gold." She is the only child of a rich merchant, Mr. Fielding of Fernleigh Manor; and he is the partner, cousin, and heir-presumptive of "Morton the millionaire," a wealthy ship-owner and insurance-broker afflicted with dyspepsia and chronic depression. "He might have been the original of the schoolboy's doggerel 'Did you ever—no I never—seed a fellow half so yellow,'" says the author of *Margaret's Engagement*, with a curious ignoring of Beppo's Laura. "His eyes were like over-ripe 'golden-drop' gooseberries, his teeth like irregular strips of orange-peel. His very hair was a dead, dim gold, for which Time was rapidly giving change in silver. If, as the knowing ones said, 'gold stuck to his fingers,' he looked as if he had been overlaid with gold-leaf. Mr. Morton the millionaire was not pretty." Nor is the description, as set forth by Mr. Morton's biographer. Beside dyspepsia and chronic depression, Mr. Morton is also afflicted by remorse. It seems that years ago he had unjustly accused a clerk of dishonesty, and that the clerk, taking the matter much to heart, had destroyed himself in despair. Hence Mr. Morton considered himself his murderer, and bound to make up to the family for the involuntary mischief done by his accusation. Acting upon which feeling, he had taken the son, Willoughby Evans—a handsome, bold, coarse lad—into his office, and made him a clerk with a good salary.

The story opens with a scene between the two cousins and partners, wherein Mr. Morton informs Mr. Fielding that he has at last made his will, leaving all his thousands to his young clerk Evans, on condition that he marries his godchild Margaret of the crisply waved reddish-brown hair. Mr. Fielding, a proud and ambitious man, is excessively disgusted at this, having in view for Margaret Caryl Fernleigh, the eldest son of Sir Loys Fernleigh, a distant relative of his. There has been a kind of *liaison* between Margaret and Willoughby Evans, and he holds certain silly letters of hers, which he will not give up; so that old Mr. Morton thinks he is doing the girl a service by promoting her love affair, and making it her father's interest to consent to it. But Margaret is not in love with young Evans. She is not in love with anybody, though just beginning a careful flirtation with Caryl Fernleigh—one of the most insufferable prigs we have ever met with, even in the pages of a bad novel, but meant to be a model young man without a flaw anywhere. And when her father, to find out the truth, unexpectedly brings down to Fernleigh Manor the dark-eyed, bold, showy clerk who holds those letters of hers, and who would make love to her and be insolent to Caryl, she is naturally very much annoyed and rather frightened. However, she gets out of her entanglement for the moment, throws her old lover overboard, and receives Caryl's first confession; and the clerk goes back to London, after knocking Mr. Caryl Fernleigh down, and giving him a black eye, as

* *Margaret's Engagement*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

1867.

he was on his way to Margaret to make a more formal offer than that made overnight. This scene of the knocking down is very funny. The two young men meet by a gate, and Caryl, touching his hat to Evans with a smile, says something pedantically amiable about a restive horse which the London clerk could not quite manage yesterday. Upon which Willoughby Evans returns a brutal reply, answered by Caryl with "his usual courtesy." Evans, going on from bad to worse, sneers at Margaret as "an arrogant little jilt and coquette," and talks of letters of hers to "prove that she had been more to him than the 'daughter of his employer,' and would have been more still if she had not been a jilt." On which says Caryl, "That is false," and "It is a dastardly lie." And thereupon Evans knocks him senseless; or, as the author says, "The words had scarcely passed Caryl's lips when a blow from Willoughby felled him to the ground, where he lay among the fern as still as if he liked it." After a little while Caryl gets upon his feet, and stands "silently gazing on his now penitent adversary," then enters into a long and amiable discourse with him—he is five-and-twenty, a gentleman, brave as a lion, though a light weight, and has just been knocked down—and finally runs away home to bathe his eye, thus breaking his appointment with Margaret; while Evans goes off to London, listening to the "skeleton scream from the steed of Vulcan," as the anonymous author of this odd book calls the railway whistle. However, not much harm is done. Sir Loys makes himself the ambassador for the occasion, and Margaret is engaged to Caryl Fernleigh, with those letters of hers in Willoughby's possession. Yet, after all, there is nothing very damaging in them—the correspondence having been simply on intellectual matters, and put a stop to by Margaret when the clerk, assuming a softer tone, wished to pass from literature to love.

Again Willoughby Evans comes down to Fernleigh Manor, this time with Mr. Morton's will making him his heir in his pocket; but on his way from the station he is murdered by some one, for the present unknown, and is found in the Beechen Coppice lying among the leaves and fern, quietly and scientifically knocked on the head. There is no evidence, and no suspicion. To be sure the pocket-book has disappeared, and Mr. Fielding behaves with a contemptible amount of nervousness, supposing him to be innocent, and with an idiotic amount of self-betrayal, supposing him to be guilty. He is always excusing himself, and always putting hypothetical cases pointing to himself; but Margaret's suspicions rest on her lover, who acts just as contemptibly as Mr. Fielding; and when the horror of the neighbourhood has culminated in a ghost, she resolves to watch in the wood with Caryl and his brother Collingwood—to test either his courage or his guilt. They do watch, and they find that the ghost is a somnambulist, and that the somnambulist is Mr. Fielding; who, though he did not murder the clerk, did abstract the pocket-book, which he has subsequently hidden in his somnambulism, and cannot find when he is awake. Hence his restlessness, his ill-health, his nervousness, and his sleep-walking. The murderer of the clerk, one Meredith a gamekeeper, now dies, making his confession; and Caryl, by this time enlightened as to Margaret's suspicions, and why it was that she had been for ever introducing horrible and ghastly subjects of conversation, thereby causing him to faint, or to rush away in perspiring anguish—for he too has a secret and preying remorse, and the shadow of death across his lily-white hands—plucks up spirit enough to break off his engagement, and leave his fair tormentor to wear the willow she has been so industriously planting. But all comes right in the end. Caryl hardens himself by travelling abroad for some years, while Margaret in the meantime softens her pride in her father's sick-room; and when he comes home he is as much more manly than before as she is more womanly; so, after he has concealed himself in a cupboard and there overheard a confession of love for him—she thinking herself alone—he slips out from his hiding-place, and says magnanimously, while she is crying on to the oak table, "If you must weep, my Margaret, henceforth weep only here," "drawing her towards him in an embrace close and warm enough to have met with even Collingwood's approval."

Collingwood is Caryl's brother, a poet of the Walt Whitman stamp. Intended to represent a strong, vigorous, and playful muscular Christian of slightly excessive erotic tendencies, he is in reality a rude and silly animal, who thinks that kissing is the only way of making love to girls, who perches his god-mother, "Queen Mab," on the chimney-piece, and who tells her when asked what is the matter at home, "All at sixes and sevens, the devil to pay and no pitch hot!" Indeed the manner of speech used by author and characters is at all times singular. A young girl is spoken of as "a flower paler and more etiolated" than should be. Mr. Fielding, a refined and educated gentleman, speaking to his clerk, supposes "there is nothing much doing here just now?" Margaret explains to her lover, in answer to his remonstrance against some gross public insolence of hers, that it was done that "our relations may be settled upon a securer basis"; also she says, bursting in upon a lawn party, "Good people! I'll bet you gloves all round that you'll none of you guess how I have been employing myself this morning. . . . I have been looking at corpses." "Bête noire" and "noï me tangere" are probably printer's errors; but *sans façons* occurs more than once, and therefore, we presume, finds favour with the author as French as they speak it in Paris. The description of Collingwood too, poet and gentleman, is too rich a bit to miss:—

In height he towered half a head above Caryl, and nearly a head and shoulders above Sir Loys; and the slighter symmetry of the elder brother's figure looked almost fragility beside Collingwood's giant muscle,

breadth of shoulder, and depth of chest. His complexion was dark, even sallow, his hair black, and his features delicate and regular as Caryl's; the pure oval of his face, the softly dimpled skin, were such that in the disguise of female attire he might have passed for a very handsome woman. But, oh ye gods and little fishes! what a bold one! For all these characteristics which sound so effeminate in description could never make Collingwood effeminate-looking. His forehead was high and wide, and the delicately pencilled eyebrows, with the arch slightly raised on the outer verge, gave a playful expression to the dark eyes, which were for ever sparkling restlessly round, seldom seeming to dwell upon any object, but flashing quick keen glances upon everybody and everything, &c.

There are two or three remarkably silly episodes, and one remarkably offensive one, which the author evidently thinks fine fun and rollicking humour; and there is a good deal of stilted pedantry, which he as evidently thinks fine writing; but he has much to do yet before he can compass either humour or eloquence, and the first thing he has to learn is that coarseness is not the one, nor verbiage the other. The story, too, is intensely wearisome. It drags and halts till it seems interminable; and the characters are so strained and uninteresting that they afford no pleasure of the analytical kind to make up for the want of dramatic action. It is all singularly flat and silly from first to last, and we cannot say that we discern through the foolish present any germs of a brighter future. Strange changes do take place by the power of growth, and one can never be quite sure that what looks hopeless is so in reality; but this is certain, that what latent ability soever the author of *Margaret's Engagement* may possess, it is carefully hidden in the present work, and that, if the future sees him a butterfly, the ante-papilionaceous condition is being fulfilled now.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have often been surprised that French Positivism did not boast of a periodical. The deficiency, however, is now supplied, and we have before us the first two numbers of *La Philosophie Positive**, a magazine appearing every alternate month. The post of *rédauteur-en-chef* is occupied by M. Littré, who has associated to himself M. O. Wyruboff, a Russian gentleman who is already well known by an article on Mr. J. S. Mill's philosophy. M. Littré is really indefatigable; he contributes no less than six articles to the new journal of Positivism, and he here appears before us as a philosopher, a poet, a politician, and an historian. The programme of the review, which is his own work, sets forth in a plain and unmistakeable manner the ambitious pretensions of the Positivists, and gives us clearly to understand that there will soon be no faith, throughout the "civilized" part of the universe, except a very simple one based upon the laws of nature. We prefer M. Littré's article on the death of the Duchess of Orleans, Henrietta, daughter of Charles I.; it is a kind of medico-historical essay, destined to refute the commonly received opinion that the princess was poisoned. Amongst the short papers entitled *Varités* we notice sundry reviews of recent brochures published in refutation of Positivism. M. Littré and his *collaborateurs* persist in saying that metaphysicians are not competent to judge the new scheme of philosophy; but this amounts to claiming a position beyond the pale of criticism. We might understand M. Littré's objection if metaphysicians denied the existence of a material principle; but they do no such thing, and only protest against the one-sided view which their adversaries take of man's nature.

Before taking leave of M. Littré, we must notice the new instalment of his admirable French Dictionary. We have now fairly got beyond the first half of the work, and, as the manuscript is complete, we shall soon be in possession of one of the best lexicons which patience and learning have produced.† It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the amount of information brought together by M. Littré. Archæology, literature, political economy, chronology, and geography—the whole range of science is here illustrated *à propos* of some word hitherto supposed to be only grammatically interesting. Thus, under the adjective *libéral*, we find that, in its application to politics, it is of recent use, having been first employed with that special meaning under the Consulate. The poet Ecouchard-Lebrun, in one of his wittiest epigrams, says that *libéral* is *le diminutif de libre*. Again, the substantive *loi* suggests a short paragraph on *Lynch-law*; and *à propos* of the word *lettres* we have interesting definitions of *lettres de cachet*, *lettres closes*, &c.

A few months ago we noticed M. Gandar's volume on Bossuet considered as a preacher; the work now before us is a sequel to it.‡ M. Gandar begins by giving a brief summary of the various editions of the Bishop's sermons, and he shows what are the merits and defects of them all. The Versailles annotators, Dom Deforis, and M. Lachat, who came last, fancied they were publishing Bossuet's *ipsissima verba*; but they all committed serious blunders, and M. Cousin's well-known opinion as to the necessity of thoroughly collating the original MSS. of the great writers belonging to the seventeenth century was as applicable to Bossuet as to Pascal. The Abbé Vaillant about ten years ago began a revision of the sermons, but death struck him down while in the midst of his undertaking, and it has been reserved for M. Gandar to go on with the task. The study of the original texts is extremely interesting because it gives us an insight

* *La Philosophie Positive*. Revue dirigée par E. Littré et O. Wyruboff. Nos. 1, 2. Paris: Germer-Baillière.
† *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française*. Par E. Littré, de l'Institut. Part xvii. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.
‡ *Choix de Sermons de la Jeunesse de Bossuet*. Par M. Gandar. Paris: Didier.

into the literary habits of a great writer. We see, first of all, the natural bent of his genius, the thorough ease with which he handled his subjects, and the fund of illustration he had at his disposal. Next, we wonder at the severity of his taste, the rigidity of his literary scruples, and his patience in remodelling the same sermon three or four times. M. Gandar has confined himself on the present occasion to Bossuet's earliest discourses; they are eighteen in number, and the learned editor has carefully given the various readings in foot-notes, besides furnishing all the information that can assist the reader in studying the progress of the Bishop's literary career. Five facsimiles complete the volume.

Notwithstanding the intimate connexion which exists between the science of acoustics and the art of music, very few philosophers have up to the present day endeavoured to apply to instrumentation the theory of sonorous vibrations. Newton, Euler, Laplace, and more recently Poisson, did indeed determine certain formulas, but they went no further. Dr. Helmholtz of Heidelberg is the first philosopher who has tried to solve the problem, and the present work* is a kind of review or summary of his doctrine. M. Laugel draws our attention, in the first place, to the comparatively modern date of harmonic music. It is impossible to class very high that style of music where melody is everything, and where the theme or subject is simply accompanied by the monotonous sound of instruments all giving the same note. Melody is found at the origin of music in the most barbarous countries; harmony is the result of science. Church music, in its elaborate canons and fugues, interpreted by the massive effects of the organ, was probably the earliest form that harmony attempted; oratorios, operas, and symphonies are its most modern manifestations. The analysis of a note or sound has often been made, theoretically at least; and in all books on natural philosophy we find, under the head acoustics, diagrams representing the sonorous wave, with its undulations, nodes, &c. But until quite recently no practical illustration had been given of this interesting subject; and it is here that Dr. Helmholtz has struck out an entirely new path. Our readers may remember that Professor Max Müller, in his second series of Lectures on Language, has availed himself with much skill of the German philosopher's discoveries; but to those who would understand them in all their applications we would recommend the lucid summary given in M. Laugel's brochure.

Water, its composition, transmutation, distribution, and uses—such is the theme of M. Gaston Tissandier's new volume.† The ocean forms the subject of the first chapter. The author describes the phenomena of the tides; he then represents the sea in its struggles with the land, and shows what are the productive as well as the destructive effects of the huge mass of waters which occupies so much space on our globe. The system of circulation next engages our attention. Rain, dew, snow, the various modifications of water in the atmosphere, rivers and streams, ice and fogs, are successively examined. The third chapter treats of the physical effects, and the fourth of the chemical properties, of water. Finally we have an account of its numerous uses, with particular reference to the draining of large towns, artesian wells, and mineral springs.

Commerce and industry have been thoroughly transformed during the last few years. The means of communication and of conveyance are much easier and quicker than they used to be; small capitalists have been encouraged to take an active part in large speculations; and the system of free-trade, by becoming applied throughout the civilized world, has deeply modified commercial legislation. Hence the necessity of a new didactic manual for the use of young men who are preparing for business, and this want M. Devinck has met in his *Pratique Commerciale*.‡ The work consists of two parts. The first contains, in a succinct but complete form, directions for the carrying on of commercial undertakings; in the second we have a history of trade from the earliest times to the present day. The appendix gives a variety of useful information, such as hints for those who would have a good handwriting, rules for mental arithmetic, book-keeping, &c.

The fourth volume of M. de Viel Castel's *Histoire de la Restauration* § takes us from the christening of the Duke of Bordeaux to the second Liberal émeute of Saumur conducted by General Berton. We are here reminded of the hopes that were founded upon that *enfant du miracle* who, after seeming to have been sent from heaven to strengthen the Bourbon dynasty, was doomed to be in his turn the victim of revolutions, and, according to all probability, the last scion of a once popular House; and the narrative also recounts the efforts made by Corbière and De Villèle to stem the progress of Liberalism, and the temporary success they obtained. The volume abounds in curious episodes. The short-lived influence of Madame du Cayla, and her endeavours to reconcile Louis XVIII. with the ultra-Royalists, receive due notice. Then we have M. Guizot's brilliant début as a political writer, the metrical pamphlets of Béranger, and the endeavours of the French newspaper press to reconquer the prestige of which it had been deprived by the Imperial régime. M. de Viel Castel deals with his subject in a style too heavy perhaps, but always calm and im-

partial. His work has obtained the *grand prix Gobert* at the Académie Française.

Some years ago M. Dargaud wrote on the wars of the sixteenth century four volumes devoted to the glorification of those statesmen and politicians who maintained the rights of conscience against the tyranny of the Papal See. His present book*, professing to be a biography of Cromwell, goes down in point of fact as far as the reign of William III., and is a continuation of the same theme illustrated by characters from the history of England. M. Dargaud writes a great deal too emphatically to please judicious readers, and the short preface to the work is a piece of *arresté galimatias*; but he has evidently taken great pains to acquaint himself thoroughly with his subject.

Count de Baillon has obtained, it seems, from the Walpole family authority to publish extracts from Lord Walpole's correspondence; † and while making use of these papers, he has produced an amusing little volume on the political relations between France and England under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and the first years of the reign of Louis XV. Lord Walpole, though far less widely known than his brother or his nephew, was an able diplomatist, and filled for some short time the post of ambassador at the Court of Versailles, where he managed to secure the good graces of Cardinal de Fleury. It is a pity that the papers he left behind him—which, if we may believe Count de Baillon, are very voluminous—should not yet have been published in their entirety; for the scraps given in the appendix to the volume before us show that the whole collection must be exceedingly interesting.

M. Théodore Juste, having undertaken to compile a series of biographies of the men who founded the modern kingdom of Belgium, could scarcely have selected a more distinguished character than Count Le Hon.‡ As the first representative of King Leopold at the Court of Paris, this statesman was during a considerable part of his life in constant intercourse, not only with Louis Philippe, but with all the eminent men who took a leading part in the affairs of Europe. His diplomatic functions began during the Ministry presided over by Casimir Périer; they ceased when M. Guizot, succeeding to M. Thiers, took in hand for the last time the direction of affairs. M. Juste has performed his task very well, and has had the privilege of consulting fully all the State papers, memoranda, and other documents belonging to the subject of his interesting sketch.

The "two celebrated inventors" whose history is described by Baron Ernouf are Philippe de Girard and Jacquard.§ Both of them accomplished real revolutions in the branches of industry to which they respectively devoted their attention; but saw their labours misunderstood, slighted, and for a long time rendered unprofitable by a variety of distressing circumstances. The former was positively ruined; the latter had to overcome the prejudices of the very workmen whom he wished especially to benefit by the introduction of his spinning-frames. The narrative of his perseverance and unwearied generosity is an excellent lesson for the young. The author has added in an appendix a few technical details respecting the manufacture of textile fabrics, and also some historical notes illustrating the progress of that branch of industry.

The *Revue des Questions Historiques* ||, which was founded a little more than a year ago by M. G. de Beaucourt, appears likely to take a permanent place amongst the best periodicals of the day. A glance at the *livraison* for July last (the *Revue* appears once a quarter) will show what are its religious tendencies, and what school of thought it aims at representing. There is no doubt that the historical education of modern France has been so completely leavened with the spirit of Voltaire that a strong protest on the other side was inevitable. The number before us (the fifth) contains an article on the *vestata questio* of Alesia, the author, M. de Barthélemy, inclining to Alise-Sainte-Reine; a paper about the famous trial of Galileo; and an excellent essay on the character of Louis XV. M. de Beaucourt does not by any means attempt to justify the weak and unprincipled King against the too well grounded charges brought against him; but he makes Marshal de Villeroy and the Duchess de Châteauroux chiefly responsible for the degradation into which the monarch fell after the administration of Cardinal de Fleury. Besides the more elaborate essays published in the *Revue*, there are short *comptes-rendus* of historical works, and summaries in English, Italian, and German literature.

Amongst the vicissitudes which France has undergone since the downfall of the Orleans dynasty, education has had its full share of revolutions ¶; and the various Ministers of Public Instruction who have been in office, from M. Carnot to M. Duruy, are chiefly remembered now by the unfortunate changes they attempted to introduce—changes from which the University of France has not yet recovered. M. Jourdain, in undertaking to draw up a report on the condition of that learned body, had therefore an immense number of facts to relate and to classify; but he has done his work in a very complete manner, and enables the reader to form an accurate idea of the state of education in all its branches on the other side of the Channel. The brochure is divided into

* *Histoire d'Olivier Cromwell*. Par S. M. Dargaud. Paris: Lacroix.

† *Lord Walpole à la Cour de France*. Par le Comte de Baillon. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Le Comte Le Hon, Ministre d'État, etc.* Par Théodore Juste. Bruxelles: Muquardt.

§ *Deux Inventeurs Célèbres*. Par le Baron Ernouf. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Revue des Questions Historiques*. 5^e Livraison. Paris: Palmé.

¶ *Rapport sur l'Organisation et les Progrès de l'Instruction Publique*. Par M. C. Jourdain. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *La Voix, l'Oreille et la Musique*. Par Auguste Laugel. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *L'Eau*. Par Gaston Tissandier (*Bibliothèque des Merveilles*). Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Pratique Commerciale, &c.* Par F. Devinck. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Histoire de la Restauration*. Par M. Louis de Viel Castel. Tome 10. Paris: Lévy.

own chapters, treating respectively of the following subjects:—
1. The Authorities that preside over the different stages of University education; 2. Elementary Schools; 3. The *École Normale* (training school for professors and lecturers); 4. The Examinations of the title for *agrégé* (enabling the candidate to hold a professorship permanently); 5. Grammar Schools and Colleges (*collèges et lycées*); 6. The higher branches of education; 7. Private Schools. This last is one of the most important parts of the volume. Under the old system, teaching was a monopoly given over by Napoleon I. to the University, and all schools whatever could only be opened by official permission, even when they owed their origin to private speculation. After a certain age all boys were compelled to attend the classes of a *lycée* or college, and the surveillance of Government was both strict and uninterrupted. This system of monopoly, chiefly directed against clerical seminaries, was continued till the Revolution of 1848, when all prohibitive measures were at last abolished.

M. P. Jannet, who did so much some years ago for French literature by his admirably edited *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, has now begun a new collection of choice works; and there seems little doubt that he will meet with the encouragement which he formerly obtained. The plan of the present series is wider than that of the previous one. M. Jannet now aims at publishing two distinct classes of volumes. In the first are to be comprised universal favourites—*Paul and Virginia*, *Sakontala*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Daphnis and Chloe*, &c.; the second will include books addressed to a more limited circle of scholars. The latest instalment of this particular series is an elegant duodecimo containing the works of the poet Villon. Few writers have enjoyed so much popularity as that arrant scapegrace; few deserve more to be known. He has no feeling, we admit, for the beauties of nature, but he had abundance of wit and verve. Villon was the first realist poet France could name; before him the reign of allegory was absolute, and the famous *Roman de la Rose*, with its tedious descriptions, its similes and its affectation of learning, represented the current poetical literature of the day. Villon broke through all these trammels, and sang of real life—not unfrequently, it must be owned, a very low description of real life. M. Jannet's edition of the poet is a model of what all such works should be. The notes are short, accurate, and to the point; an alphabetical index explains the various historical allusions, and the biographical preface enables us to become thoroughly acquainted with Villon and his contemporaries.

The life of Villon forms, curiously enough, the subject of M. Charles Deslys's new tale, *Les Compagnons du Roi*.† The King, of course, is Louis XI.; and the list of *dramatis personæ* includes Charles the Bold, Campobasso, and many characters with whom Sir Walter Scott long ago made us familiar. The narrative is amusingly told.

Encouraged by the success which his previous novel obtained, M. Émile Gaborian has written another story based upon a lawsuit and circumstantial evidence.‡

The second volume of the *Paris Guide* §, containing articles by Jules Janin, George Sand, Edmond About, and a host of other litterateurs, is, like the former one, very entertaining; but it can scarcely be called a Guide to the Exhibition. And then its bulk! Fancy a stranger "doing" Paris with a small Liddell-and-Scott under each arm!

* *Œuvres Complètes de François Villon*. Publiées par M. P. Jannet. Paris: Picart.
† *Les Compagnons du Roi*. Par Charles Deslys. Paris and London: J. Hachette & Co.
‡ *Le Dossier No. 113*. Par É. Gaborian. Paris: Dentu.
§ *Paris Guide*. Vol. 2. Paris: Lacroix.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, will reappear on the 14th of October, in A DREAM IN VENICE; to conclude with BERRY MAKING, by Mr. John PARRY.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street. In preparation, a New Entertainment by Shirley Brooks.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.—QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.—SESSION 1867-8.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.
THE MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS in the FACULTY OF MEDICINE will commence on Friday, the 18th of October.

Additional MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS will be held on the 16th of November.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.
In the Faculty of Medicine Eight Junior Scholarships of the value of £25 each are appropriated as follows:—Two Scholarships to Students of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Years respectively.

The Examinations for Scholarships will commence on the 17th of October, and be proceeded with as laid down in the Prospectus.

In addition to the Scholarships above-mentioned, Prizes will be awarded by each Professor at the close of a Session.

Scholars are exempted from the payment of a moiety of the Class Fees.

Further information may be had on application to the Registrar, from whom copies of the Prospectus may be obtained.

By Order of the President,
September 21, 1867,
WILLIAM LUPTON, M.A., Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.—The SESSION will commence on Monday, November 4, 1867. Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar" 1867, published by Messrs. MACLELLAN & DWIGHT, South Bridge, Edinburgh, price 2s. 6d.; per post, 2s. 10d.

By Order of the Senate,
September 1867,
PHILIP KELLAN, Secretary to the Senate.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.
THE SEVENTEENTH SESSION will commence on Monday, October 7. Prospectuses of the Course of Study may be had on application to the Registrar.

DURHAM SCHOOL.—An ELECTION will take place to FOUR KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS on the 23rd of November next. These Scholarships (18 in number) are of the value of £40 per annum, for Five Years. Anyone under Fifteen years of age, whether previously at the School or not, is admissible as a Candidate, provided that his Parents are not in "wealthy" circumstances.—Application for further information to be made to the Head-Master, the School House, Durham.

REIGATE HILL HOUSE, Reigate, Surrey.
Principal—FRYCE A. MAJOR, Esq., M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge; Rev. JOHN M. BRADSHAW, M.A. Lincoln College, Oxford, and late Assistant-Master at Trinity College, Glenalmond. The Course of Instruction is suited for the Sons of Gentlemen, and one which has been found to be most beneficial as a preparation for the Public Schools, and for the requirements of actual life.
For further particulars apply as above.

BRUSSELS.—KEYSER'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
Director.—L. J. V. GERARD, 21 Rue des Sables.
This Institution dates from the year 1831, and is consequently the longest established of any in Brussels. It has never ceased to enjoy considerable reputation in England and Belgium, and, together with a solid instruction, offers all the comforts of Home. PUPILS are conducted to the Chapel Royal by the English Professor.—For Prospectuses and Particulars, apply to the Director; or to Mr. A. MANCE, 2 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London.

CIVIL SERVICE and ARMY.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON (Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services.—Address, 14 Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—CANDIDATES for the COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION are prepared by A. D. SPURGEON, M.A., assisted by Masters of the highest standing in all the usual admissible subjects. Reference to numerous successful Candidates.—Civil Service Hall, 18 Princes Square, Baywater, W.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.—POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.
A high OXFORD CLASSIC (late Scholar and Gold Medallist) will Read and Comment upon the POLITICAL ECONOMY of Aristotle with a Class. Fee, 3 Guineas. Private Lessons in the highest Classical Authors, and Greek and Latin Prose.—Address, AVAXA, Post Office, Strand.

MILITARY EDUCATION.—The Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for many years attached to the Royal Military College, Addiscombe, prepares PUPILS for Woolwich, Sandhurst, Direct Commissions, &c.—Address, Bromgrove House, Croydon.

PREPARATION for the UNIVERSITIES, WOOLWICH, INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, the LINE, SANDHURST, and other Examinations.—The Rev. J. R. WILSON (Wangler), and Mr. C. A. M. FENNEL, (1st Class Classical Tripos, and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge), receive PUPILS, Resident and Non-Resident, at Durham House, Chelsea, S.W.—Terms on application.

OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, &c.—PUPILS are carefully prepared for either University or the various Competitive Examinations by the Rev. PHILIP A. LONGMORE (M.A. Cantab.), Incumbent of Hermitage, near Newbury. The situation is healthy and easy of access.

EDUCATION in the MIDLAND COUNTIES.—SONS of GENTLEMEN (especially Military Officers) are prepared for the Universities, Public Examinations, and Schools, by a GENTLEMAN of experience and success, assisted by a Cambridge Graduate (First Class in Classics), and other Masters. Terms moderate. Highest references.—Address, M. J. S., care of Messrs. Tury & Hildreth, 41 Norfolk Street, Strand.

MORNING CLASS for the SONS of Gentlemen (exclusively), 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square. The October Term will commence Tuesday, October 8.

A CLERGYMAN, about to Winter in the South, desires to meet with an additional PUPIL to prepare for Oxford or the Navy. References to Parents of former Pupils.—Address, Rev. B., care of Mr. Lovejoy, Bookseller, Reading.

PARIS.—A FRENCH FAMILY of distinction would receive a Gentleman's SON, or TWO BROTHERS, to be educated with their Son, an only child, under the guidance of a Protestant Tutor, who has been many years in the Family. Highest references given and required.—Address, Mr. C. EASER, Professor of Languages, 46 Oxford Street, Abercromby Square, Liverpool.

AN OXFORD B.A. wishes to meet with a TUTORSHIP. Address, B. A., W. Alexander's Advertising Office, 21 Old Cavendish Street, W. Established 1760.

JUNIOR CLERKSHIP wanted by a Young SCOTCHMAN desirous of coming to London. Has had several years' experience in an Iron Merchant's Office, and is well recommended. Salary not so much an object as a good introduction to Business.—Address, D., 12 Down Park Road, Dalston, N.E.

IMPORTANT SALE of high-class BOTTLED WINES.—Messrs. FULCHER & BAINES have received instructions from Messrs. TAYNOR & LAWSON, of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, to submit to PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, on Thursday, October 17, 1867, at Twelve o'clock precisely, about Six Thousand Dozen of fine Old Bottled Port, and Two Hundred Dozen of Old Madeira. Catalogues and particulars.—22 Mincing Lane, London.

SAFE INVESTMENTS, paying 5 to 20 per cent. per annum in Dividends on the Outlay. CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, TRUSTEES, AND INTENDING INVESTORS, requiring reliable information, and seeking safe and profitable investments, should read SHARP'S GENERAL INVESTMENT CIRCULAR (post free). GRANVILLE SHARP, Stock and Share Dealer, 25 Poultry, London, E.C. Established 1832.

GRAND HOTEL, SCARBOROUGH. The Largest and Handsomest Hotel in England.

BOARD, in Public Room, and LODGING, 10s. per day. For other particulars apply to AUGUSTUS FRICOUR, Manager.

NOTICE.—During the Winter Months Haden's Warming Apparatus will be in operation, rendering the Hotel a warm, dry, and agreeable Winter Residence. The Manager is authorized to make special Arrangements with Visitors for the Winter Season.

SEA BATHING and BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.—Noted for its healthiness stands ILEFRACOMBE, facing the Atlantic. Families will find the Comfort of Home, with Moderate Charges, at the ILEFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Address, Mr. Boun, at the Hotel. A Four-horse Omnibus meets the London Express Trains at Barnstable.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUBBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Univ.—For the treatment of Chronic Diseases, principally by the combined Natural Agents—Air, Exercise, Water, and Diet. Turkish Baths on the Premises, under Dr. Lane's Medical Direction.

ECCLIASTICAL and DOMESTIC DECORATION, &c. SAMUEL FISHER & CO., 33 Southampton Street, Strand.

W.C. Ecclesiastical Decorators, &c., and Manufacturers of every description of CHURCH and DOMESTIC MEDIEVAL FURNITURE, Paper Hangings, &c. Designs and Estimates furnished, or an Illustrated Priced Catalogue, upon application. Robos, Surplices, &c.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS. HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, GARRICK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON. Illustrated Catalogue, post free, 2s. 6d.

MAPPING AND WEBB, 77 and 79 OXFORD STREET, and 71 and 73 CORNHILL.

TABLE KNIVES.	Table, per doz.	Carvers, per doz.	Plain pattern, per doz.	Ornamental, per doz.
Bal. Ivory Handles.....	20/ 15/	7/	Table-Spoons or Forks 27/ 25/	55/ 70/
" "Butter.....	25/ 18/	10/	Isawnt ditto.....	21/ 27/
" "strong.....	20/ 21/	11/ 6d.	Ten-by-one (split bowls) 18/ 16/	24/ 20/
" "best Silver Ferrules 40/ 30/	13/		Salt ditto (split bowls) 1/ 1/ 8	3/ 2/ 6

MAIPIN & WEBB'S NEW SILVER STEEL TABLE-KNIVES require no cleaning by Board or Machine, simply washing in Warm Water. Do not Tarnish or Rust.

Balance Rounded Ivory Handles..... 40/ 30/ 15/ 6d.
" "best ditto..... 50/ 40/ 15/ 6d.
Electro-Silver Blade of every description.
Estimates and Illustrated Catalogues forwarded Post-free.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
Bankers—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.
 Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.
 At 4 ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto
 At 3 ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge, and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

M. BALFOUR, Manager.

LONDON and ST. KATHARINE DOCKS COMPANY.

4 PER CENT. PREFERENTIAL STOCK FOR £130,000.

The Directors of the London and St. Katharine Docks Company are issuing PREFERENTIAL STOCK to the above amount, bearing Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

The Interest will accrue from the time of payment, and is amply secured by the surplus Revenue of the Company.

Forms of application, and any information, may be obtained at this House.

Dock House, 109 Leadenhall Street, July 31, 1867.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 FILL MALL, LONDON.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL AND RESERVED FUND, £1,900,000.

Insurances due at MICHAELMAS should be renewed within Fifteen days therefrom (last day, October 14), or the same will become void.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Insurance 1830.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year.

Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.

Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

The most Liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies and Surrender Values.

Whole World Licenses free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable.

Endowments for Children.

The revised Prospectus, with full particulars and tables, to be obtained at the Company's Offices in London, 1 Old Broad Street, E.C., and 16 Pall Mall, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1837.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION.

CHIEF OFFICE—62 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Michaelmas Fire Renewal Receipts are now ready, and may be had on application at the Head Office, or at the Branch Offices, or of any of the Company's Agents.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The Quinquennial Period will close with this Year, and all Policies on the Participating Table, proposals for which are received prior to the 1st of January 1868, will share in the BONUS.

Examples of last Bonus.

Amount Assured.	Premiums Paid.	Bonus added to Policy.
£2,000	£405 0 0	£126 0 0
1,000	80 0 0	49 0 0
500	42 16 8	26 0 0
250	21 8 4	13 0 0
100	7 19 4	5 0 0

GEORGE SCOTT FREEMAN, Secretary.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

FOUNDED 1836.

10 FLEET STREET, E.C.

Trustees.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord CAIRNS, Lord Justice.

The Rt. Hon. Sir WM. BOVILL, Lord Chief Justice, C.P.

The Rt. Hon. Sir EDWARD VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

The Hon. Sir WM. PAGE WOOD, Vice-Chancellor.

The Hon. Sir GEORGE ROSE.

EDWARD SMITH BIGG, Esq.

THOMAS WEBB GREENE, Esq., Q.C.

JOHN OSBORNE, Esq., Q.C.

ROBERT B. FOLLETT, Esq., Taxing Master in Chancery.

SECURITY.—Funds invested in the names of the above Trustees exceptionally large in proportion to liabilities. The further guarantee of a fully subscribed Capital of £1,000,000.

BONUS.—Nine-tenths of the total Profits divisible amongst the Assured. Very moderate Non-Bonus Premiums.

A liberal system of "Whole World" Policies and other peculiar facilities. Conditions specially framed to secure to a Policy, when once issued, absolute freedom from all liability to future question.

Loans granted on Life Interests or Reversions.

E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established by Charter of His Majesty George the First.)

FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE, AND ANNUITIES.

OFFICES—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—29 PALL MALL, S.W.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Sub-Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Robert Barclay, Esq.

John Garratt Castley, Esq.

Mark Currie Close, Esq.

Edward James Daniell, Esq.

William Davidson, Esq.

Lancelot William Dent, Esq.

Alexander Bruce, Esq.

Frederick Joseph Edmann, Esq.

Charles Hermann Gieschen, Esq.

Riversdale Wm. Grenfell, Esq.

Francis Alexander Hamilton, Esq.

Robert Amadeus Heath, Esq.

Medical Referee—SAMUEL SOLLY, Esq., F.R.S.

NOTICE.—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Michaelmas will expire on October 14.

FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCES may be effected on advantageous terms.

The Duty on Fire Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum.

No Charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.

FARMING-STOCK.—No extra charge is made for the use of Steam Thrashing-Machines.

The Reversionary Bonus on British Life Policies has averaged nearly 2 per cent. per annum on the sum assured.

Equivalent reductions have been made in the Premiums payable by persons who preferred that term of Bonus.

The Divisions of Profit take place every Five Years.

Any sum not exceeding £15,000 may be insured on one Life.

This Corporation affords to the Assured Liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large Invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a half.

Royal Exchange, London.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Tailors to the Queen, Royal Family,

and the Courts of Europe.

LONDON.....{114, 116, 118, 120 REGENT STREET; and

MANCHESTER.....10 MOSLEY STREET.

LIVERPOOL.....50 BOLD STREET.

MESSRS. NICOLL'S CURRENT LIST OF PRICES.

For GENTLEMEN.

	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Evening Dress Coats.....	2 12 6	3 8 0	3 13 6
Sartout Frock ditto.....	3 8 0	3 13 6	4 4 0
Trousers.....	1 1 0	1 8 0	1 15 0

For YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

Highland Costume.....	2 2 0	5 5 0	8 8 0
Knickerbocker Dress.....	1 1 0	2 2 0	3 3 0
Sailor's Dress.....	1 5 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
Jacket, Vest, and Trousers Suits ..	2 2 0	2 12 6	3 3 0

Overcoats, Trousers, &c., are charged in proportion to size.

For LADIES.

Riding Habits.....	3 3 0	4 4 0	6 6 0
Pantalon de Chasse.....	1 1 0	1 11 6	2 2 0
Travelling Dress, Jacket, and Skirt ..	2 12 6	3 3 0	4 4 0
New Registered Cloak.....	2 5 6	2 12 6	2 17 6
Waterproof Tweed Cloak.....	1 1 0		

SPECIALITIES for the AUTUMN.—For GENTLEMEN.—In Overcoats of mill and treble Devon and Melton Waterproof Cloths.

SPECIALITIES for the AUTUMN.—For GENTLEMEN.—In Morning and Evening Suits, for Full Dress and other purposes.

SPECIALITIES for the AUTUMN.—For GENTLEMEN.—In Overcoats for the the sole and only Medal granted for these Articles at the Great Exhibition at Paris, Ladies should at once see the Autumn Novelties in these inimitable Goods. Trade Mark a "Crown", and sold Everywhere.

SPECIALITIES for the AUTUMN.—In Dress Suits for BOYS.

SPECIALITIES for the AUTUMN.—In Dress Knickerbocker Suits for BOYS.

SPECIALITIES for the AUTUMN.—In Sailor's Dress for BOYS.

SPECIALITIES for the AUTUMN.—In Overcoats for BOYS.

For LADIES.—SPECIALITIES in Serge and Tweed Costumes, Jackets, Coats, Cloaks, &c.

Superior Dress for Immediate Use, or Made to Measure at a few Hours' Notice.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, MERCHANT CLOTHIERS.

CRINOLINE FASHIONS, AUTUMN, 1867.

THOMSON'S CRINOLINES and CORSETS having taken the sole and only Medal granted for these Articles at the Great Exhibition at Paris, Ladies should at once see the Autumn Novelties in these inimitable Goods. Trade Mark a "Crown", and sold Everywhere.

K A M P T U L I C O N, 3s. 4d. per Square Yard.

TRELLOAR, Manufacturer, 67 Ludgate Hill.

CRAMER'S COTTAGE PIANOFORTES may be Hired at

12s., 14s., 16s., 18s., and 20s. per Month.

CRAMER'S OBLIQUES may be Hired at 25s., 30s., and 35s.

per Month.

CRAMER'S NEW GRANDS (6 feet long) may be Hired at

42s. and 52s. 6d. per Month.

PIANOFORTES for HIRE by BROADWOOD, COLLARD,

ERARD, KIRKMAN, and PLEYEL. Prices from 18s. to 25 s. per Month.

20 Regent Street, London, W.

43 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

64 West Street, Brighton.

Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

Donegal Place, Belfast.

CRAMER & CO., Limited, LET ON HIRE PIANOFORTES

for THREE YEARS, after which, and without any further payment whatever, the Instrument becomes the Property of the Hirer:

28 GUINEA PIANETTE..... 10 Guinea per annum.

42 GUINEA DRAWING-ROOM MODEL COTTAGE .. 15 Guinea per annum.

60 GUINEA SEMI-OBLIQUE..... 20 Guinea per annum.

CRAMER'S NEW GRAND..... 36 Guinea per annum.

None but the best Instruments sent out: Pianofortes by the inferior makers being entirely excluded from the Stock.

Loan of Packing-case free.

QUARTERLY PAYMENTS IN ADVANCE.

PIANOFORTE GALLERY (the largest in Europe), 207 and 209 Regent Street, W.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S.

BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads, from.....12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.

Shower Baths, from..... 5s. 6d. to 25 0s. each.

Lamps (Moderators), from..... 6s. 6d. to 27 7s. each.

(All other kinds at the same rate.)

Pure Colza Oil..... 5s. 8d. per gallon.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING

IRONMONGER, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post-paid. It contains upwards of 600 illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

STERLING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE,

NICKEL SILVER AND

BRITANNIA METAL GOODS,

DISH COVERS, HOT-WATER DISHES,

STOVES and FENDERS,

MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES,

KITCHEN RANGES,

LAMPS, GASOLINERS,

TEA TRAYS,

URNS and KETTLES,

TABLE CUTLERY,

CLOCKS and CANDELABRA,

BATHS and TOILET WARE,

IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS,

BEDDING and BED-HANGINGS,

RED-ROOM CABINET FURNITURE,

TURNERY GOODS, &c.

With List of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms at 39 Oxford Street, W. 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4, Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6, Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London.

1867.
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October 5, 1867.]

The Saturday Review.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS AND HERALDIC DEVICES.
Designed and Engraved as Gems of Art. Steel Dies Engraved.—NOTE PAPER and
KEY-PLATE elegantly engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 4s. 6d.
WEDDING CARDS, WEDDING ENVELOPES, BALL PROGRAMMES, CARDS, and
BILLS OF FARE. Printed and Stamped with Crest or Address, in the latest Fashion.
ALFRED RODRIGUES, 42 PICCADILLY, LONDON, two doors from Sackville Street.

HERRING'S PURE VOVE NOTE PAPER is the best
Writing Paper that can be made; the most delicate in appearance; and the most
planning in surface for every kind of Writing and every kind of Pen. It has been extensively
used for the last twelve years, and is referred to in Dr. Ure's "Dictionary of Arts and Manu-
factures." To be bought of HERRING, WARDLEY, & CO., 64 Watling Street, E.C.; and
Retail of all Stationers throughout the Kingdom.

THE "FASHION OF FURNITURE."—Under this title an
Article appeared some time ago in the "Cornhill Magazine," pointing out the want of
good taste in the Design of Modern Furniture, and offering suggestions for its improvement.
These suggestions have been carried out by the ART FURNITURE COMPANY, 25 Garrick
Street, Covent Garden, who now supply Cabinet Work and House Furniture, of a picturesque
and artistic character, at ordinary Trade Prices. Most of the work has been designed by
Mr. CHARLES EASTLARK, Architect, the author of the "Cornhill" Article.

INTENDING PURCHASERS OF THE SMOKE'S SPRING
MATTRESS, TUCKER'S PATENT, or SOMMER TUCKER, are respectfully
advised against various imitations and infringements, preserving somewhat the appearance
of the Original, but wanting all its essential advantages.
Each Genuine Mattress bears the Label "Tucker's Patent," and a Number.
The Smoke's Spring Mattress, Tucker's Patent, received the only Prize Medal or Honourable
Mention given to Bedding of any description at the International Exhibition, 1862, and may
be obtained, price from 25s., of most respectable Bedding Warehousemen and Upholsterers, and
Wholesale of the Manufacturers.
WILLIAM SMOE & SONS, Finsbury, near Moorgate Railway Terminus, London, E.C.

CHUBB'S PATENT LOCKS AND SAFES, with all the
latest Improvements. Street-door Latches, Cash and Deed Boxes, Strong-room Doors.
CHUBB & SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 68 Cross Street, Manchester; 28 Lord
Street, Liverpool; and Horseley Fields, Wolverhampton.—Illustrated List sent free.

NUNN'S MARSALA or BRONTE WINE, 25s. per Dozen,
24 per Six Dozen, 212 1/2 per Quarter Cask. Rail paid to any Station in England.
This Wine will be found of superior quality, is soft and old, and though full flavoured, entirely
free from heat or the slightest approach to acidity.—THOS. NUNN & SONS, Wine, Spirit,
and Liqueur Merchants, 21 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. Price Lists on application. Estab-
lished 1801.

ALSOPP'S PALE and BURTON ALES.—The above ALES
are now being supplied in the finest condition, in Bottles and in Casks, by FIND-
LATER, MACKIE, TODD, & CO., at their New London Bridge Stores, London Bridge, S.E.

PEPSINE.—MORSON'S PEPSINE WINE GLOBULES
and LOZENGES are perfectly palatable forms for administering this popular remedy
for Weak Digestion.
Manufactured by T. MORSON & SON, 31, 33, and 124 Southampton Row, Russell Square,
London, W.C.
Bottles at 2s., 2s., and 10s. each. Boxes at 2s., 6d. and 4s., 6d. each.
GLOBULES in Bottles at 2s., 3s., 6d., and 6s., 6d. each.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,
Pronounced by Connoisseurs to be
"The only Good Sauce."
None Genuine without Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle, and Stopper.
Sold by GROSS & BLACKWELL, BARCLAY & SON, and Grocers and Oilmen: universally.

**E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CON-
DIMENTS.**—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and
Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished
by their Name, are compelled to caution the Public against the inferior Preparations which are
put up and labelled in close imitation of their Goods, with a view to mislead the Public.
Consumers having difficulty in procuring the Genuine Articles are respectfully informed that
they can be had direct from the Manufacturers, at their Foreign Warehouse, 6 Edwards Street,
Portman Square, London, W.
Priced Lists post free on application.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this
celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle bears the well-
known Label, signed "E. LAZENBY & SON." This Label is protected by perpetual injunction
in Chancery of the 9th July, 1856, and without it none can be genuine.
E. LAZENBY & SON, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, as Sole Proprietors of the
Receipt for Harvey's Sauce, are compelled to give this Caution, from the fact that their
Labels are closely imitated with a view to deceive Purchasers.
Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and Oilmen.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT (Extractum Carnis Liebig),
Manufactured by LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT COMPANY, Limited, 13 Mark
Lane, London. Only sort authorized to be called by the above name by Baron Liebig, the
inventor, whose certificate is on every jar. Superior and economical stock for Beef-Tea,
Soups, Entrees, and Sauces. Extremely useful to Invalids, Persons of Weak Digestion, and
Children, taken with Arrowroot, Sago, &c. An agreeable and most efficient substitute
for Cod Liver Oil. It keeps for years, and in any climate. Paris Exhibition Gold Medal.
Sold by Fortnum, Mason, & Co.; Barclay & Son; Cross & Blackwell; S. Maw & Son; all
Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, Grocers, and Wholesale by the Company.

SELF-FITTING CANDLES of all Sizes and in various
Qualities, from 1s. per lb. upwards, may now be had Everywhere.
Order of your Chemist, Grocer, or Chandler (J. C. & J. FIELD'S Patent).
They are safe, clean, and economical, fitting all Candelsticks without either paper or scraping,
and burning to the end.

**SAPO CARBONIS DETERGENS, or PURE COAL TAR
SOAP (Registered).**—This unrivalled Soap, if constantly used, will produce a healthy
appearance to the skin, while at the same time it acts as a preventive of Infectious Diseases.
See Medical testimony, "Lancet," &c. &c.
To be had in Tablets, of 6d. and 1s. each, of all Chemists, and Wholesale of
W. V. WRIGHT & CO., Manufacturing Chemist, London.

WHITE and SOUND TEETH ensured by using
JEWELRY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.
Established 20 Years as the most agreeable and effectual preservative for the Teeth and Gums.
Sold exclusively in Pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
None Genuine unless signed JEWELRY & BROWN, Manchester.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—The latest Improvement in the
Construction of Artificial Teeth, Gums, and Palates is secured by Royal Letters Patent
to Messrs. LEWIN and SIMON MOSLEY & SON, the oldest established English Dentists,
39 Berners Street, Oxford Street, and 418 Strand, opposite Charing Cross Railway Station.
These Teeth are supplied from one to a complete set, without pain or inconvenience. Arti-
ficial and Mastication are thoroughly restored, and the Face resumes its youthful proportions.
To those who have resided in the tropics, to public speakers, in fact to all who need the services
of a Dentist, this patented system is confidently recommended, combining perfect immunity
from pain with restored digestion and natural appearance. Consultation free. Teeth from 3s.
Sets from 5 to 30 Guineas. For the efficacy, utility, and success of this system, vide "Lancet."

DR. DE JONGHE'S
(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,
Prescribed the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for
CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GONORRHEA,
DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND
ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.
Universally recognised by the highest Medical Authorities to be
THE ONLY COD LIVER OIL
invariably pure, uniformly excellent,
PALATABLE, AND EASILY TAKEN.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, observes:—
"I consider Dr. De Jonghe's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to
create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."
Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S., Medical Officer to the Poor Law Board, in his work "On
Consumption," writes:—"We think it a great advantage that there is one kind of Cod Liver
Oil which is universally admitted to be genuine—the Light-Brown Oil supplied by Dr.
De Jonghe."
Sold only in capsuled IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 8s., by respectable
Chemists.
SOLE CONSIGNERS,
ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE FURNISHING OF BEDROOMS.

HEAL & SON, of Tottenham Court Road, have greatly
ENLARGED their PREMISES, for the purpose of making a more complete arrange-
ment of their Stock.

They have now Ten separate Rooms, each completely furnished with a different Suite of Bed-
room Furniture; these are irreplaceable of their General Stock, displayed in Six Galleries and
Two large ground-floor Warehouses, the whole forming, they believe, the most complete Stock
of Bedroom Furniture in the Kingdom.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bedroom
Furniture, sent free by post on application to HEAL & SON, 196, 197, 198 Tottenham Court
Road, London, W.

FURNISH your HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES; they
are the Cheapest in the End.—DEANE & CO.'s NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,
with Priced FURNISHING LIST, gratis and post-free. This List is arranged to facilitate
Purchasers in the Selection of Goods, and comprises Table Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Lamps, Baths,
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